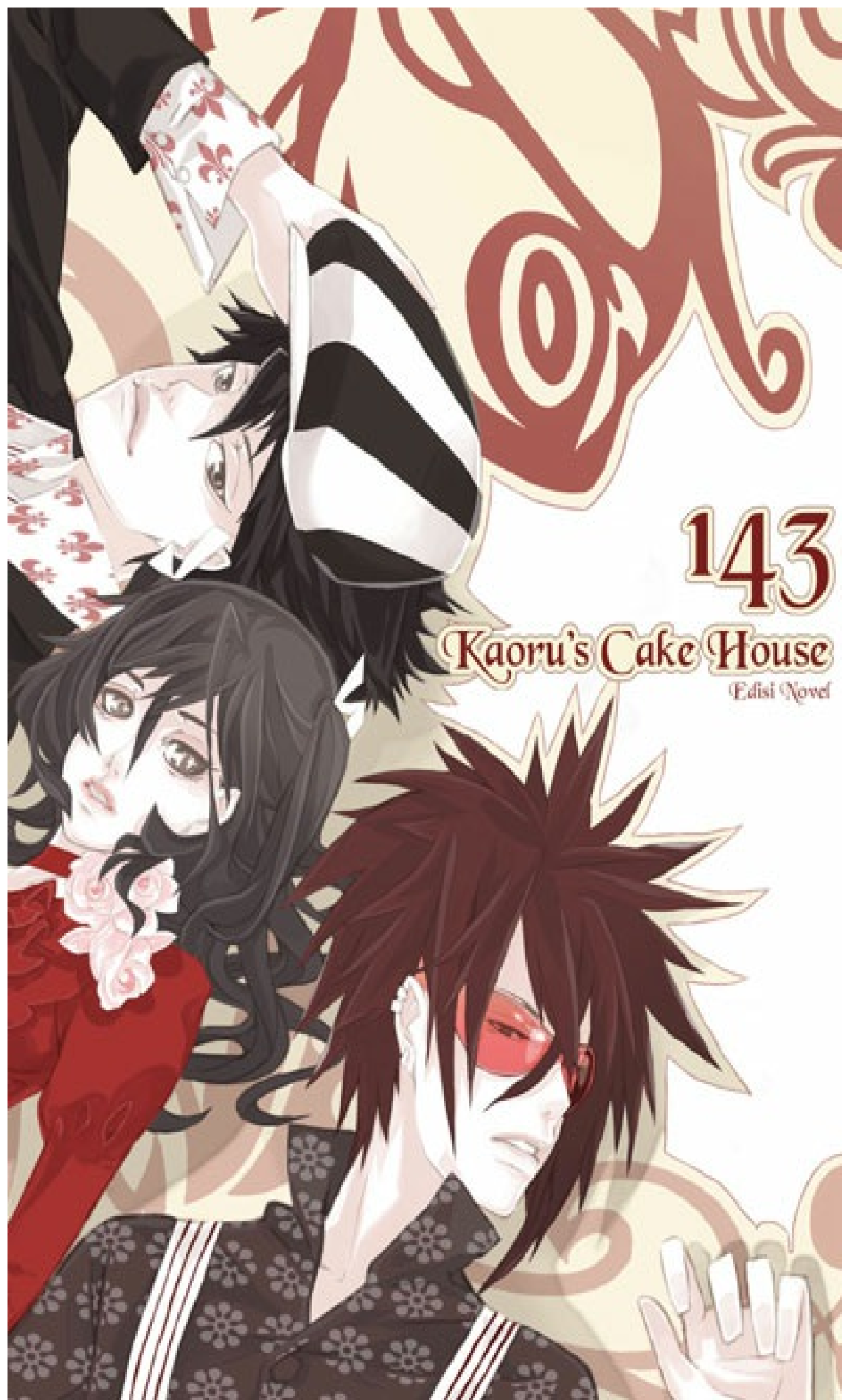




143

Kaoru's Cake House

Edisi Novel



lang="en">

143 Kaoru's Cake House - Chapter 00-18

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Chapter 0

143 Kaoru's Cake House – Introduction & Prologue

15 Jan

There has been many people asking where they can buy this novel because they can't find it anywhere anymore except online but not all can purchase it. There are also many of my friends who don't understand the Malay language that wishes to read this novel. So, I've decided to translate this novel to English for them and all of you new readers who might enjoy this novel as well. However, do keep in mind that my translation of the novel may not be totally accurate/similar to the Malay version. Some things are hard to describe in English like how it is described in Malay.

PS: Do buy the novel if you can understand Malay or would just like to support the author!

PPS: Some things have also been changed to suit the readers of other countries (like the Malay name Jasmin to the English Jasmine) and also to suit the English style of writing stories(or whatever you call it x'D).

No copyright infringement intended whatsoever.



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii【ゆきい】

Jasmine lives with her mother after the death of her father. They move to a new place to start life afresh and to their surprise, a bright new life indeed awaits them. Jasmine spends her day surrounded by the flowers in her mom's shop and enjoying the delicious cakes from Kaoru's Cake House. Life becomes more meaningful when loneliness is replaced with friendship and love! But not all love have a perfect ending, some may end up a tragedy. What will happen to Jasmine's love? Anything is possible in Kaoru's Cake House...

"Every second spent together with the person you love is the time that one will cherish the most compared to the normal and boring every day."

"It's no doubt that things become livelier when you're with the one you love. However, it requires a lot of effort to accept fate when the one you love is not within reach."

Dad...

Please forgive mom and me. We can't stand living here anymore. The memories shared with you here is too heartbreaking. Mom already bought a house in Kula Lumpur. I haven't seen it yet but mom says that it's really lovely there. It's not far from the city but it's not as busy as the city either. Mom has gotten a place for her shop so she could start her business there too. From what she told me, it's the perfect place for her to open her florist shop since there none there yet.

Dad...

You leaving us made us really sad. We really love you. I hope you've been able to reach heaven and are spending time there among others. Although you are no longer here in front of my eyes, the blood that flows in my veins is yours so you're always a part of me like mom. I've always and always will be proud of having a father like you.

Both mom and I are leaving this house because every time, in every room, tears will drip out and memories flood into our minds. Every time I return from college, I see you although I know you're not here. At night, I would almost wait for you to enter my room and give me a goodnight kiss on the forehead. When you've been gone for a long time, I wait for your phone call but remember seconds later that there wouldn't be any anymore. There would also be times where I inadvertently wait for hours for one...

Mom and I will forever miss you and we'll remember what you've always told us before,

"The past is the past, you can't change anything about it but the future holds many things that are to be cherished."

Thank you, dad...

From you're beloved daughter,

Jasmine

Prologue

The rays of the morning sun shone into the pale pink room. It was neat and tidy like how most female bedrooms were. A girl of the age of nineteen with beautiful, long tumbling dark brown tresses sat on the chair of her study table. In her hands was a book that she couldn't entirely focus on reading. Every now and then, her eyes moved to the round clock hanging on her bedroom's wall. The hands showed that it was already fifteen minutes passed nine. A frown appeared on her lips as she checked her wristwatch. The only difference between the two was that one was only a minute faster.

“Why hasn’t he called yet?!” she let out a frustrated sigh.

Time doesn’t wait for anyone...

“Jasmine, hurry down and eat your breakfast! I need to go to the shop already!” a soft yet shrill voice called from downstairs. The girl, Jasmine, sprang up immediately and rushed to the living room.

If even a tiny bit of the heavens were to change, I would feel lost...

Jasmine pulled one of the dining table chairs out and sat down. The breakfast her mother had made for her today was her favorite spicy fried noodles. With her right hand, Jasmine slowly reached out and picked up the fork that was placed next to her plate. She left the spoon at where it was. She glanced at her mother who was busy getting ready to head out while coiling the noodles around her fork Italian-style. She didn’t make a move to eat though.

Nothing can be heard...

“I’m going to the shop now. If you have nothing to do today, come and help me alright?” Jasmine’s mother said before making her way towards the door. Jasmine merely smiled and nodded her head in reply.

There is loneliness in the heart, you can’t hear it reverberating...

As soon as her mother was out of sight, Jasmine got up from her seat and left her breakfast uneaten. She plopped down onto the long sofa in the living room and stretched.

The condominium was silent. There was not a single person to mind her business now. Her mother had long left to open her florist shop at the shop lots nearby. Should she go there? Jasmine felt too lazy to do so.

Besides that, the one that she had been waiting for to call...did he call already?

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Chapter 1

143 Kaoru's Cake House – Chapter One

5 Feb



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii 【ゆきい】

Chapter One : A New Life

Maria's Bouquet had only been opened for an hour. The florist shop was located at Block C of Wisma Kesuma. By the time the digital clock's digits changed to 11.00AM, eight lots of five-storey buildings were filled with various people and the sidewalk was full of passersby. In the florist shop, a woman who looked like she was in her late twenties was arranging a vase of fresh flowers. However, do not let looks fool you. That woman is actually 39 years old.

Ting Tong!

A customer had just entered. It was a woman around her fifties, dressed in a

silk *baju kurung* with a colorful flowery pattern. There was light makeup on her face and the only jewelry she wore was a small pearl necklace and matching earrings. On her left shoulder was a 1960s Gucci handbag. Judging by her appearance, she was obviously a woman of the upper social class.

The store owner left her work of arranging the flowers and approached her first customer of the day. “Datin Sharifah! How are you?” she greeted with a wide smile before her customer, Datin Sharifah could greet her first.

“I’m doing well, Maria,” Datin Sharifah replied. She got closer to Maria, the store owner, and gave a cheek-to-cheek kiss.

“Your visit is so sudden, early as well. Is there a large request you have for me?” Maria asked with the friendly smile still on her lips.

Datin Sharifah placed her hand on Maria’s shoulder and said, “I would like twelve bouquets of roses in three different colors; red, white and yellow. Is that alright?”

Maria’s eyebrows rose after hearing Datin Sharifah’s order. This was a unique order for her. “Wow! It seems that you have a special intention for that order. Alright, I can prepare the bouquets. When do you want them? I hope that it’s not today though. I might faint halfway doing all of them and my assistant’s on leave today as well,” she replied in a sincere manner yet also jokingly at the end. Datin Sharifah let out a small laugh, showing that she understood Maria’s humor, before saying, “No, I don’t need them by today. That’s why I came early so you’ll have enough time to prepare them.”

Maria proceeded to invite Datin Sharifah towards the living room area located at the right corner of her shop near the entrance. There were two chairs and a table made of solid pine placed there. The area around it was decorated with a mini garden and there was even a stained glass window. It was a comfortable space where Maria and her customers could discuss about their orders.

“Datin, please wait a moment. I have to go get my notebook and pen,” Maria said once Datin Sharifah was seated on one of the solid pine chairs.

Ting Tong!

Maria was about to grab her notebook she heard the bell ring, meaning that

another customer had entered. She turned her head to see who it was and her expression turned more cheerful. The person who had entered her shop this time was her beloved daughter whom she named Jasmine after the beautiful flower.

“Hello dear!” she went towards Jasmine and gave her a peck on the forehead.

“It’s boring being alone at home so I came here. Is there anything I can help with?”

“Yes, there are many things I want you to help me with. Suki’s on an emergency leave for two days.”

“Emergency? Why?” Jasmine asked in surprise.

“I can’t explain right now. I have a customer so I’ll tell you later, alright?” Maria replied in a soft and loving tone. Datin Sharifah had been watching their conversation the whole time. She was amazed by their closeness since not many children are that close to their parents nowadays.

Mari turned to Datin Sharifah’s direction. The action was copied by Jasmine. She smiled at her mother’s customer when she realized the Datin’s presence.

Cring! Cring!

The telephone on the cashier counter rang. Maria was flustered for a moment. The notebook and pen that was in her hands were handed over to Jasmine. “Min, please hold these for a moment. I have to answer the call.” Jasmine didn’t object.

“Sorry about this Datin but I have to answer this call,” Maria apologized to her customer who was making herself comfortable at the sitting area. When Datin Sharifah told her that it was alright, Maria rushed to pick up the phone.

Jasmine made her way towards Datin Sharifah and gave her another polite smile which was returned. Remembering that she had the notebook and pen in hand, Jasmine sat on the chair opposite of Datin Sharifah.

“If you’re in a hurry, I can help take your order,” she said. The lips of Datin Sharifah turned up at that. She shook her head and replied, “No, I’m not in a hurry but, if you want to write down my order that’s fine as well.”

From the beginning, Datin Sharifah's eyes were on Jasmine as if she was mesmerized. Jasmine had beautiful, long tumbling dark brown tresses that reached below her shoulders but stopped before her elbows. She had pale and smooth skin. Her eyebrows were thick but had a beautiful natural arch, and her eyelashes were long and thick as well. Besides that, her nose was small, not sharp and not short. Her lips were like Mona Lisa's and it was a natural shade of red. Her mother was truly beautiful, but her daughter was even more.

As Jasmine was about to begin writing down Datin Sharifah's order, Maria appeared. "Sorry about that, Datin," Maria apologized. "Min, let me handle this instead. You can help me by arranging the fresh flowers there," she added at Jasmine's direction while pointing towards the direction opposite of the sitting area. Jasmine obeyed her mother's words and excused herself from Datin Sharifah. Her place was then, taken by Maria.

"I apologize again for making you wait, Datin. I've actually been waiting since before you came for a call from Elle Cavier to confirm his order," Maria explained, telling the name of the young fashion designer who was no stranger in Datin Sharifah's mind.

"Elle Cavier? He made an order? What for?" asked the Datin.

"You know him, Datin?" Maria replied with a question.

"Of course! He won the Junior Fashion Designer Awards in London for the last two years. My daughter buys the designs he makes. It's around RM25 000 for one you know! Now, when there is an exclusive dinner or function, my daughter will always find Berry'C," Datin Sharifah replied enthusiastically but she was finished yet, "The reason why I'm ordering flowers from you right now is because of a function. He's the one who designs clothes for my daughter. All of them are lovely, marvelous designs!"

Maria was amazed yet pleased at the same time when she heard the Datin's explanation. She never thought that a customer of hers would know her other customer with such familiarity. This would make things easier for her with her business, especially for the ones she has with the upper class people.

"So, what did Elle order the flowers for?" asked Datin Sharifah who was really curious. Maria smiled. Should she tell or should she not? She was concerned

about sharing a customer's personal matters with another.

"I'm not sure either, Datin. I only make the orders," Maria replied instead, not wanting to comment about the reason why Elle ordered flowers for.

Datin Sharifah did not try to persuade Maria into telling her any further. She understood Maria's intentions of maintaining the confidentiality of her customers' rights.

"Shall we continue with your order?" Maria asked in a friendly manner.

Datin Sharifah nodded her head.

Meanings

- * The wife of a *Datuk* (a federal title in Malaysia) is a *Datin*.
- * The *baju kurung* is the traditional outfit for the females of the Malay race.
- * RM (Ringgit Malaysia) is the currency in Malaysia.

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Chapter 2

143 Kaoru's Cake House – Chapter Two

17 Feb



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii 【ゆきい】, Sarane

Chapter Two : A Wedding Dress Promise

Days end rather quickly. Yet no matter how fast time ticks away, each second remains special to those who appreciate it.

The evening sky was breathtaking with grey clouds that were lined with hues of orange and red. It was as if it could relieve the saddened heart, and soothe the stirring soul.

From the 14th floor of a condominium, Ginn Celes enjoying that sunset as he sipped on a cup of hot coffee on his balcony. Immediately, he felt energized. He turned around and gazed directly at his living room with his back against the balcony railing. His eyes were fixated on the Ehlen Johansson coffee table that was filled with designs sprawled on top among different colored pens and pieces

of paper that showed the multiple designs for wedding gowns...

“Who knew it was this hard to come up with a design for her...?” Ginn mumbled to himself.

Cring! Cring!

The shrill sound of his house phone ringing could be heard. With lazy steps, he went and fetched the phone.

“Hello...”

“Hey! This is you’re brother! What’s wrong with your cell phone? Did you lose it yet again?” came the voice of Mike, his older brother.

Ginn was confused for a moment. Then, he remembered about his cell phone. Where was it again? He remained silent as he tried to recall.

“Hello! Hello!” Mike repeatedly called when Ginn had been quiet for almost a minute.

“I’m still here! Anyway, I don’t remember...it should be in the car, I guess.”

“What’s the matter with you, Ginn? Don’t keep the habit of forgetting, it’s dangerous!” Mike scolded. It was worrying when his brother was in such a condition.

“That’s not it...After coming back from the boutique; I rushed home so I could finish Moon’s bridal dress design. I just realized that your wedding is in 2 months! I can be laidback after I return from Korea,” Ginn answered sincerely.

His older brother’s protests could then, be heard from his side of the line.

“Okay...my advice to you is that you discuss with her about the design. If she rejects later, it’ll just be problematic!” Mike finally advised.

“Alright...I’ll call her later. You have to be there too.”

“Of course! My fiancée is your ex-girlfriend. How can I leave you two be alone?” Mike answered jokingly.

Ginn harrumphed. “Hey, come on...it’s been 3 years alright? Do you see me wanting to steal her back? Anyway, she definitely loves you more than me,” he replied seriously.

Truth to be told, it had never crossed his mind once to return to the time where he still had Moon Johanez. The only qualified place where she belongs to is with Michael Celes, his brother. In the past, it could be due to his ego that he lost her, but he knows very well that egos can never overcome love. So, that was why he was willing to let Moon be with Mike.

“I don’t see it, Ginn. However, I won’t be confident as long as you don’t have a girlfriend. Understand?” Mike said in a somewhat teasing manner.

Whenever he was questioned about a girlfriend, Ginn would be rendered speechless. He himself didn’t understand why he wasn’t romantically linked with any girl, seeing as his everyday life was surrounded by them. Females of all kinds and types wanted his heart. If he willed so, he could surely have gotten any girl by now. So why didn’t he?

“About that, don’t worry. I’ll introduce her to you when I get one,” Ginn jokingly replied.

“Ahh...that’s enough! Anyway, I only called to check on you because your future sister-in-law was complaining so much since she couldn’t reach your cell phone an hour ago.”

“Where is she?”

“Right next to me,” Mike laughed, “She says hi. We’ll confirm later on when we can sit and discuss about the design. By this week for sure though.”

Moon was at Mike’s side and silent all the while? That was the Moon that Ginn knew since long ago. Even if she was noisy, she would still remain soft-spoken. She was a girl that didn’t have many words but, many ideas instead. Ginn could imagine that Moon was smiling all the while as she witnessed his and Mike’s playful banter.

“Alright, send my regards to my future sister-in-law who’s the director of the heart of the other shoot of the banana plant’s,” Ginn said before ending the conversation.

“Goodness, you’re going overboard! Well, bye!”

Click!

Mike disconnected the call immediately after. Ginn was left alone once more. His eyes wandered to balcony where the sky had fully darkened. He hadn't realized that dusk had already turned to night. Ginn directed his attention to the clock on the wall, 8.15PM it read. The coffee in his hand had lost its warmth. A cynical smile appeared on his lips before he headed for the kitchen...

Note

* When Ginn says, "Alright, send my regards to my future sister-in-law who's the director of the heart of the other shoot of the banana plant's." Well, by the last part of the sentence, he was referring to the fact that banana plants can produce 2 shoots at a time; a larger one for immediate fruiting and a smaller "sucker" or "follower" to produce fruit in 6–8 months.

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Chapter 3

143 Kaoru's Cake House – Chapter Three

14 Mar

Yukii 【ゆきい】: Sorry for taking forever to finish translating this chapter! OTL Things have been really busy with real life stuff for both me and Sarane. Anyway, I hope you'll enjoy this chapter!



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii 【ゆきい】, Sarane

Chapter Three : The Meeting of Not the Same Feather

The morning sunlight shone intensely into Jasmine's ever-bright room. The owner of said room had already long prepared for the day. She was wearing a pink Nicoletta Pintuck t-shirt from GUESS matched with a pair of black ice waist-drop skinny Levi's. As for her long tresses, they had been braided into two low braids. Before exiting her room, Jasmine took one last glance of herself at the mirror, making sure that everything was neat and perfect. Once she was satisfied, she exited her room...

...but reentered seconds later when she realized that she forgot to grab her cell phone on the desk.

Jasmine passed the living room and headed straight for the front door where the shoe racks were near. She then, began searching for a pair of shoes to wear. Jasmine knew not to wear sandals or heels though. Her objective today was to help her mother at the shop. So, she needed a pair of shoes that were suitable for an active lifestyle hence, why she chose a pair of Nike 'Sport Culture Sprint Sister Leather Mtr' shoes in the end.

Jasmine exited her home feeling fresh and vibrant. Her mother had left for the shop an hour ago. As Jasmine was about to reach the lifts, she remembered something important; locking the place! Alarmed, she rushed back to do so.

Meanwhile, a young man exited from the condominium unit in front of Jasmine's. There was a three meter distance between the two units. He was a neighbor that Jasmine had never met before since moving to the condo three months ago.

The young man was well dressed in a Sidewinder GUESS t-shirt that was paired with a pair of Dark Tint Washed Calvin Klein's. He sported a pair of Slip On Harness Engineer Hybrid Boots from Xelement while the black leather bag slung over his shoulder was a Louis Vuitton Taiga Saratov GM. It was clear that he was man who knew how to be stylish and exclusive.

Jasmine hurried out from her condo unit after retrieving her keys. The young man from before was in the middle of locking his front door when he noticed Jasmine. The girl was busy locking her own front door until she didn't even notice him. There were three keys dangling on her key ring; one for the front door, one for the grille door that followed afterwards and the final one for the sliding grille door about two feet away from the front door and the grille door.

The young man was already done locking his grille door and was standing directly behind Jasmine who was still in the middle locking hers. He didn't know why but he felt the need to wait there until he could greet her. However, his presence remained unnoticed until Jasmine turned around and screamed.

"AHHHHHHH!"

"Woah, woah! I'm your neighbor, the one that lives in front of you!" the young

man waved his hands in front of him, startled.

Jasmine was dumbfounded. Neighbor? The neighbor that lived in front of her is a man? Well, he was definitely a stylish one; like a metrosexual but still with a few shortcomings. His sense of style was quite youthful—more suitable for teenagers—as well.

“My name is Ginn Celes. I’m your neighbor. Did you just move here?” the young man, Ginn, extended his hand for a shake.

“Yes, I—we just moved here three months ago. I have not seen you before, though. Have you just recently moved here as well?” Jasmine replied with a smile but did not accept his handshake.

Ginn retracted his hand, feeling a little embarrassed. He couldn’t help but felt a bit hurt by Jasmine’s actions. Still, he tried to remain friendly.

“Oh, no, I have already lived here for a year. It’s just that I’ve been really busy these past three months. Well, I have to leave for work now,” Without waiting for a reply, Ginn headed towards the direction of the lifts, leaving Jasmine dumbfounded for another time. For a moment, she stood there unable to say or think anything about Ginn’s actions. She decided to leave the matter alone and made her way towards the lifts as well.

As they waited for the lift, both remained silent. They have lost the friendly atmosphere.

Jasmine inspected her shoes and then, glanced at Ginn’s before her eyes trailed up to his jeans and the shirt he wore. Just by the sight of his shirt, she knew what brand it belonged to.

“GUESS...” Jasmine whispered.

Ginn turned to look at her when he heard her whisper. The girl smiled and was about to say something when the sound of the lift arriving interrupted her.

Ting!

The doors of the lift opened, revealing two other people inside. Before Jasmine could step into the lift, Ginn preceded her. This surprised Jasmine. ‘What a rude guy!’ she thought unhappily but remained patient and followed him into the lift.

The both of them did not bother with each other anymore. Then, the lift doors closed.

*

When the lift doors opened upon reaching the Ground Floor, a heated argument could be heard. Those not involved with the quarrel left in a hurry, unable to stand the loud angry voices anymore. They believed that the two who were locked in said argument were having housing problems.

Jasmine stomped out of the lift, leaving Ginn behind. She turned around a few stomps later, though. “This is *my* perfume! You have *no* rights to say that it doesn’t suit me!” she shouted.

The lift doors were about to close but Ginn held them. “Well lady, that perfume is too strong for a girl. Take my advice, no guy would ever want you with that attitude of yours!” he scoffed.

Jasmine’s face flushed in embarrassment when she heard those words. She recomposed herself and was about to retort back when the doors of the lift began to shut. She managed to catch a glimpse of Ginn’s smirk while he bade her au revoir. Jasmine felt even more hurt by that. She let out an angry huff and patted her chest repeatedly, trying to calm herself down. There was nothing else she could do since that rude man had already gone town to the basement parking.

“You better watch out! Your misfortune is living just right in front of you. How dare you even try to make trouble!” Jasmine muttered to herself while exiting the condominium grounds, towards her mother’s florist shop that was not far away.

As she trudged on with anger still burning in her heart, the sound of a car’s horn startled her.

PINNN!

A Fiat Bravo 2007 came into view. Jasmine could make out the identity of the driver as he drove past, waving at her, before disappearing from her view.

Ginn!

“No manners!” Jasmine shouted, releasing her pent-up anger in process. Tears threatened to spill from her eyes. But, she didn’t want to cry because of that idiot so she put up a strong front and ran the rest of the way to Maria’s Bouquet.

*

Jasmine entered the shop with an obviously, pissed-off face and rough movements. She walked towards the cashier counter and sat down on the chair behind without saying a word. She didn’t even greet her mother too. Jasmine’s expression was as sour as vinegar. Maria didn’t know what happened but she knew very well that something had made her only daughter angry. The worried mother left her halfway-done work of arranging flower bouquets for Datin Sharifah to talk to Jasmine.

“What’s wrong, Min?” she asked.

Jasmine was still breathing deeply. She bowed her head and took a long, deep breathe before saying in a very emotional voice, “The neighbor living in front of our house is *very* impolite!”

Maria was confused for a moment before she started laughing at her daughter’s attitude. It’s been a long time since she seen Jasmine show such emotions. She had turned into a very patient daughter since her father left this word two years ago. Jasmine was always polite with her mother but today, she had turned into someone very ‘energetic’.

“Our neighbor? Do you mean, Ginn Seles?” her mother asked once she calmed down from her laughing.

Jasmine blinked her eyes in surprise when the jerk’s name was spoken. Immediately, she stood up and asked, “When did you meet him?!”

“Err...a month after I bought the condo unit. I was able to meet our neighbors, including him, before we moved in...he is such a sweet man, right?” Maria explained with a sweet smile.

“Sweet man you say?” Jasmine snorted before adding, “He hurt my feelings! He said my perfume is for men and that I’m not supposed to wear it! We’ve only just met and he already doesn’t know how to take care of other people’s

feelings!”

Maria’s eyebrows rose. She got closer to her daughter and tried to sniff the smell of the perfume that was supposed to be there.

“Mom? What are you doing?” Jasmine asked, confused by her mother’s actions.

“Well dear, you deserve it,” Maria replied and then, returned to her work that she left to talk to Jasmine just now. as she arranged the roses, she continued to say, “Didn’t I tell you to not wear that perfume anymore? I know it’s the perfume both you and your father always wore before but...” Maria suddenly choked up.

Jasmine was taken by surprise. She knew why her mother’s voice suddenly choked up although her back was facing her. Jasmine hurried to her mother and hugged her while giving her a kiss on the cheek. In her mother’s eyes were tears filled with yearning—the yearning for her beloved husband.

“I’m sorry mom...I shouldn’t have touched that subject here. I’m really sorry. It never crossed my mind that wearing Allure Sport would make you miss dad,” Jasmine apologized with tears pooling in her eyes as well.

Hearing her daughter’s words, Maria cheered up. “I apologize too, but I guess that man is right you know. You’re a beautiful girl and a pretty girl like you should wear perfume that is feminine,” she coaxed.

Jasmine fell silent. She pulled away from her mother and sat on the counter beside the bouquet her mother was arranging. Maria merely watched her daughter for a moment before continuing her work.

“When will Datin Sharifah come to pick all the bouquets?” Jasmine asked a minute later.

Maria smiled while answering, “7 o’clock this evening. I’ve already finished three bouquets. If you help me, things will progress faster. Will you?”

Jasmine smiled in reply. Without any further delay, she got off of the counter and proceeded to help her mother. However, just as she was about to start...

Ting Tong!

The sound of the bell ringing from the door signaled the presence of customers. Seeing that her view was blocked by flowers decorating the front space of the shop, Maria had to tiptoe to see who her customer was: a young man.

Maria recognized who he was. She rushed to the front and greeted the man. “Elle Cavier!” she called.

“Miss Maria!” Elle, the young man, replied with a wide smile.

Elle Cavier, a new fashion designer that’s very well-known. His style was a bit feminine but held the taste of high fashion. Today, he wore a white shirt with thin black stripes beneath a dark brown velvet jacket, both from Berry’C which meant that they were his own designs. As for his pants, he wore Levi’s 501 Shrink to Fit while his matching Dark Brown Nubuck Outlier Boat Venetian shoes were, like usual, from his favorite brand, Timberland.

Jasmine remained at her spot, focusing on arranging the bouquet in front of her by copying the style of the three others that her mother had finished. Still, she did try to steal a glance at the face of the young man that her mother called Elle Cavier. His name was the one she heard yesterday. He was a fashion designer that was favored among the upper social class.

“Here’s the flower basket you’ve requested,” Maria said to Elle while handing him his request. It was a mix of aster, carnations and daisies in a stemmed wooden basket made of willow together with three mini fake butterflies that looked realistic.

“It’s beautiful!” Elle exclaimed, making Maria beam in pride. Jasmine, who overheard the compliment, smiled along. She was proud of her mother’s hard work. The business in Maria’s Bouquet will be better. Still, it was sure that she could not see the face of the fashion designer. The flowers around her were blocking her view just like how they did to her mother. She was lazy to move in front to see him eye-to-eye though. So, she merely just continued on to make bouquets of three types of fresh roses; red, white and yellow.

Looking at the bouquets her mother completed, she made sure hers were of the same style. Placed in the thin cylinder glass vase with the width of ten centimeters and that stood eight inches tall, were three roses—that still had

their leaves—from those three colors arranged with eucalyptus stalks. A unique arrangement it was!

“Thank you so much, Miss Maria,” Elle’s voice could be heard before he left the shop.

“You’re welcome. Do come again!”

Before the sound of the bell above the door sounded, Elle replied, “Of course! Your flowers are the best in this area.” The bell then, sounded and the door closed. Elle was gone.

Maria returned to where her daughter was hard at work at finished her first bouquet. Seeing her arrangement, Maria complimented, “Wow! You’re really good at this, Min.” Jasmine glowed at that. Then, Maria added, “Don’t forget, we have eight more to finish.”

The girl groaned in response.

Tags: [143 kaoru's cake house](#), [book](#), [story](#), [translated](#)

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Chapter 4

143 Kaoru's Cake House – Chapter Four

16 Mar



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii 【ゆきい】, Sarane

Chapter Four : Kaoru's Cake House

The Fiat Bravo 2007 entered the grounds of a very unique shop. The shop was not built far away from Wisma Kesuma's Block F but, it wasn't a part of the building. Instead, it stood on its own grounds. The shop's design was like a small, double-storey house with a touch of antique European at every corner. Standing about two acres away on the right side of the shop was an old tree that no longer sprouted leaves or flowers, having only its tall, long branches and large trunk filled with holes everywhere. It was the only thing that crippled the beautiful image of the shop. Now, you're most likely wondering what the name of this shop is, right? Well, placed directly on top of that shop's entrance was the signboard that read...

' Kaoru's Cake House '

Ginn exited from his car, the Fiat Bravo 2007, and made his way into the shop. He walked across the tiny site covered with a carpet of lush green grass and small yellow and white flowers.

“Good morning, everyone!” he greeted as soon as he was inside the shop. This loud greeting of his had broken the tranquility there, gaining the attention of every person present...attention that was only temporarily though. Ginn smiled and bowed before walking straight to the counter.

“Morning? Is it even morning, Ginn?! It’s almost 12 noon already! Don’t you have work today?” one of the workers that sat behind the counter, working as the cashier, asked. He was a 28 year old man that still looked way younger than his age with his *bishounen*-like image. His name was Denny and he had light dirty blonde hair.

One’s face does not show how one truly is...

Denny wore the uniform that all workers in Kaoru’s Cake House were acquired to wear which consisted of a white long-sleeved shirt, a dark brown vest and a bowtie of the same color. The dark brown color matched with trousers and shoes, but one would not really be able to see their legs with the long, white apron tied around their waist.

“I have a meeting with a client today so I might not be able to head out to the boutique. Anyway, my partner will be there,” Ginn answered briefly while examining the cakes inside the display cabinet that kept them cooled. There were a lot of different cakes showed, about twenty all in all.

Leaving Ginn to think of what cake to choose, Denny checked the written list on the counter. He then, turned to one of his colleagues standing near the end of the cake display cabinets.

“Bob, when did Wing say that he will add the sugar stocks?”

Bob, the colleague that was busy preparing a plate of cheesecake while standing near the end of the cake display cabinets, was an 18 year old boy with brown hair. He was small for his age but appeared robust. Although his face looked exactly like a little boy’s, there were traces of assertiveness hidden.

With an impassive face, Bob answered without turning to face Denny,

“Tomorrow. He said to get 10 packets of sugar and to get them from the stockist, not the supermarket anymore. It’s too expensive!”

Soon after that, Bob left, bringing the plate with the slice of cheesecake to the customer, a senior citizen who kept staring out of the window he was sitting near to, that ordered it.

There are memories in every different age of a person, some forgotten, some hidden, but all waiting to come back at the end...

Ginn lifted his head and asked Denny, “I thought that all the while you guys should’ve gotten your stocks for the kitchen from the stockist?”

“Wing wasn’t that great with the stockist before. Only now he starts to buy stocks from them,” Denny replied.

“Well, aren’t you the same?” Ginn said in a derogatory manner. He returned to examining the cakes to find one to enjoy eating this afternoon.

“Oh, come on! You come here in the afternoon to *purposefully* poke fun of me didn’t you?!” Denny shot back.

Ginn only smiled in reply, his eyes still scanning through the cake display cabinets. His eyes landed on the cake labeled ‘Blueberry Cheese’. This was the one he had been searching for since the beginning. Today, it was placed at the far bottom of the four-shelved cake display cabinet, almost fully hidden from view.

“Denny, give me this ‘Blueberry Cheese’,” he said while pointing at the cake.

Without delay, Denny immediately attended to Ginn’s request, grabbing the cake knife in the basket on top of the cake display cabinet.

“What would you like to drink?” Denny asked while cutting a slice from the cake. He placed the neatly slice on the small plate meant for it.

“An *expresso* like usual.”

“You with your *expresso* and ‘Blueberry Cheese’ every time during lunch time here. What kind of human are you?” Denny grumbled. He turned around to the kitchen bar counter and then, shouted before Ginn could have a chance to retort, “Izz! One *expresso*! As usual for Ginn Celes!!”

Denny then, returned to the cashier counter and said to Ginn, “If you come here every time, order the same thing and continue to ask me the total price, I don’t know what to say to you anymore.”

Ginn was speechless for a moment. “If this is the attitude that you show to all the customers, Wing will be in for a lot of losses you know!” Ginn rolled his eyes while taking out his wallet and passed a fifty ringgit note to Denny.

“Pffft, I show this attitude to you only. As if you’re not used to me,” Denny rolled his eyes this time. He took the fifty ringgit note and returned the change which was RM37.50, to Ginn.

“Yeah, right. I know you’re acting like this because Wing isn’t here, right? You just wait, when Wing comes back, I’ll report to him about everything!” Ginn left the cashier counter to find a table to sit at. ‘As if this shop of yours has anything else on the menu but cake!’ he added mentally.

As Bob went back to the counter, Ginn had already found an empty table near the window to sit at. The shop was once again, calm and peaceful with all the customers minding their own business while enjoying the cakes they’re ordered.

‘I wonder, where does Wing think that he’ll find flowers for the shop?’ Bob asked himself.

Flowers, no matter how fresh they are for a moment, will wilt. However, their beauty and memories will continue to wander forever.

Tags: [143 kaoru's cake house](#), [cafe](#), [life](#), [light novel](#), [love](#), [romance](#), [translated](#), [translation](#)

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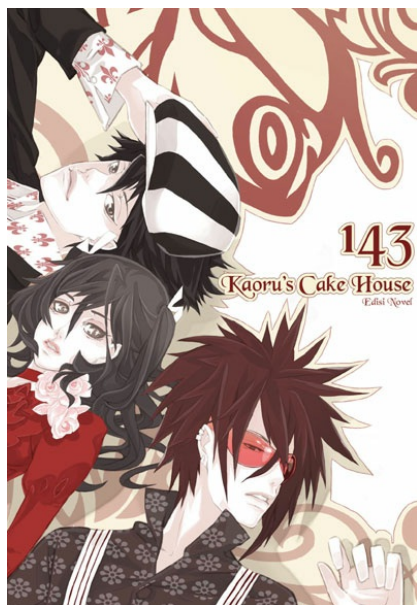
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Chapter 5

143 Kaoru's Cake House – Chapter Five

18 Mar



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii 【ゆきい】, Sarane

Chapter Five : Handsome Chef Buying Carnations

When the heart is empty, life is seen as too normal. The time that moves doesn't feel like its flying past. Every step arranged has no meaning. However, one day, the heart will be filled with love. Only then, life will feel as if it has just started.

It has been more than an hour since Elle left Maria's Bouquet. Seven customers had entered and left the shop in that period of time. Who knows how many people have lingered outside the shop to look at the fresh flowers arranged there. Some had even smelled the flowers while wearing a smile. It didn't matter though, as long as they were people whom enjoyed the freshness of the flowers.

Ting Tong!

The sound of the bell above the door announced the presence of another customer. It was a young man in all white—the uniform of a chef's. His long blonde hair was tied into a high ponytail and he wore simple, bottom half-framed rectangular glasses. With the high of about 6 feet tall, his long legs decreased the about of strides he took to reach the cashier counter where Maria stood.

Jasmine was almost done with the eighth bouquet, but left it to head towards the counter. As soon as her eyes had landed on that young man, they could not leave him.

‘How handsome!’ she thought.

“Excuse me, miss. Do you have carnations here?” the young man asked.

Maria smiled while replying, “Yes, we do. They’re outside. I’ll show them to you.”

The young man smiled too and then, followed Maria out to where the carnations were. On their way out, he glanced at Jasmine and nodded his head politely at her. Jasmine was surprised by his actions but managed to nod back politely although it was a little awkward.

Behind the young man’s glasses were sharp eyes that captured hearts. Jasmine could not help but asked herself mentally who this handsome chef was. She looked out of out of the shop’s window, watching her mother as she attended to the customer. Maria picked up several stalks of carnation flowers and then, handed them to the young man.

‘There are ten stalks,’ Jasmine counted. The young man was still smiling and so was her mother. Jasmine did not know what they were conversing about but she knew that even though she couldn’t hear his voice, that young man had caught her heart already.

Ting Tong!

Maria reentered the shop with young man behind her. “I didn’t know that there was a cake shop in this area. If I did, I would’ve visited a long time ago,” she said while heading towards the cashier.

“Then, please do come when you’re free,” the young man replied. His voice

was raspy light a muscular man's but he was tall and slim, not a single muscle in sight. This still, made Jasmine a little confused. She was so engrossed in her thoughts that she barely heard her mother saying, "This is my daughter, Jasmine. She really loves eating cheesecakes with layers of blueberry in them. More so when it's covered with bits of nuts."

The young man turned to Jasmine who was already smiling a small, shy smile while nodding her head—maybe to agree with her mother's statement?

"We have that type of cake there. If Jasmine comes to visit, just order 'Cheese Peanut Blueberry'. That cake is a homemade special," he said. Jasmine nodded her head again. This time, it was to agree with the invitation. She was still transfixed by the young man's handsomeness.

Maria smiled at Jasmine's actions. She then, asked the young man his name.

"My name is Wing," he turned his attention back to Maria.

"Alright then, Wing, allow me to wrap up those flowers," Maria reached out her hands to take the flowers from Wing's arms. When she disappeared into the back to do so, Wing turned to Jasmine who was still staring, in a dazed manner, at him with a smile. Wing raised his eyebrows twice and the smile on Jasmine's lips widened until her pearly whites could be seen. She thought that Wing was flirting with her or doing something funny to make her laugh but in truth, Wing felt less than comfortable.

"Alright, here are your flowers," Maria announced as she returned to the cashier counter with the wrapped carnations in her hands. "The total is RM25," she continued while handing them to Wing.

"Wow, that's really cheap, miss! There're ten stalks, and carnations too!" he exclaimed, making Maria smile.

"It's nothing, we're neighbors. You have your own shop and so do I. Let's always visit each other's shops, alright?" she explained. Wing smiled and bowed. He then, took out a fifty ringgit note from his pocket and handed it to Maria.

"The next time you want to order flowers and you're not able to come to the shop, just call me. I can ask my helper to send them over to you. Here's my card," Maria gave her business card and Wing's change to him.

“Sure, why not? Who is your helper? Is she Jasmine?” Wing replied while pointing his thumb at said girl. The smile he had on this time was a slightly teasing one, sending Jasmine into another daze.

“Jasmine’s only a temporary worker. She’s helping me while she’s on holiday this semester. My helper will be working again tomorrow,” Maria replied while motioning to her daughter.

Wing nodded his head, showing that he understood. “I have to leave now, miss. If I stay any longer the shop will be in a mess,” he then, excused himself, giving another nod to Maria and Jasmine. The both of them returned the nod. They enjoyed his presence and the conversation they shared although they had only met him today.

Once Wing was out from sight, Jasmine turned to her mother. Maria raised her eyebrows suggestively, giving a cheeky smile to her daughter before saying, “Handsome!” The two immediately burst into a fit of giggles, but calmed down soon after to resume working on the twelve bouquets of roses that Datin Sharifah needed done.

Tags: [143 kaoru's cake house](#), [cafe](#), [life](#), [light novel](#), [romance](#), [translated](#), [translation](#)

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Chapter 6

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[20 Mar](#)



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii 【ゆきい】, Sarane

Chapter Six : The Incident in the Lift

Two days have passed and in those two days, Jasmine had not gone to Maria's Bouquet. She spent most of her time at home, reading the mangas that she bought at Kinokuniya, a bookstore located in KLCC. Her mother wasn't counting on her helping out at the shop anyway as Suki, the original helper, had returned from her emergency leave. When Jasmine got bored of reading, she would go on the internet, finishing the rest of her time on updating her bog or chatting with her online friends.

However, today, she felt like visiting Kaoru's Cake House instead. She was bored of reading and going on the internet already. Today, she will have a new hobby—the hobby of seeing (or—ahem—stalking) the man that had stolen her heart two days ago who is also known as...Wing! His handsome face was still

stuck in her mind, especially when he raised his eyebrows twice at her. Oh, he is definitely and undeniably so attractive!

Should she go there now?

“Definitely!” she told herself sternly while getting up from the sofa. She then, hurried into her bedroom to get ready to go to Kaoru’s Cake House. The clock in her room showed that it was already 4 o’clock in the evening. Her movements sped up more as she went through the wardrobe to find the perfect yet also comfortable outfit to wear.

Jasmine picked a white blouse from Seed and put on a pair of Motivi jeans to match. She brushed her hair and then tied it into a loose, side braid. The girl then, applied some makeup onto her face. There wasn’t any need for full or thick makeup.

Perfume? Well, Jasmine no longer used Allure Sport for men. There were three other bottles of perfume on her vanity table. After a few moments of pondering, she picked up the bottle labeled ‘Estee Lauder Pleasures Artist Edition’ and sprayed it on her clothes. The perfume was a present from her mother, given to her a day before they moved here. It had a creative scent of lilies, roses, karo karounde, white peonies and the exotic spice; Baie Rose. There were also hints of patchouli and sandalwood.

Once Jasmine was done, she grabbed her cell phone and mini Levi’s wallet which she stuffed into the back pocket of her jeans. She then, dashed out of her pink bedroom.

As fresh as a flower can smell, the meeting inspired by it will be just the same as well...

At the very second she was about to open the grille door, the sound of her neighbor’s front door opening could be heard. Jasmine turned to see who it was. Coming out of his home was Ginn, wearing a PUMA tracksuit. Their eyes can in contact with each other’s, but Ginn didn’t greet her or even gave her a polite smile. All he did was just lock his front door as if Jasmine didn’t exist, as if the incident before didn’t happen and that they have never introduced themselves to each other. Jasmine could feel her blood boiling.

Ginn had already moved onto to locking his sliding grille door, all the while not

caring about Jasmine's presence or the fact she had her hands on her hips as if to expect him to apologize. He made his way towards the lifts once he was done, still ignoring Jasmine like she was air. The girl snorted in an obvious unladylike manner and headed to the lifts as well.

Ginn pressed the lift button while Jasmine stayed silent, suppressing her anger. Her eyes scanned his form from top to bottom. He was acting like a gangster.

The young man was deliberately not bothering with Jasmine's behavior. 'She just wants to show her emotions,' he told himself while mentally rolling his eyes.

Jasmine, however, continued her behavior, growing more furious by the passing second. She was calling him names in her mind, mainly repeating one word, 'Jeeeeerrrrrk!'

Ting!

The doors of the lift opened and nobody was inside. Both Jasmine and Ginn entered, still not exchanging words. Then, the doors closed.

Ginn didn't press any button at the button panel of the lift. He stayed glued at his spot and only stared at the lift's door. Seconds passed and he was still standing there, none of the lift buttons pressed.

If possible, Jasmine's anger had just escalated. She jabbed at the button labeled 'G' and then turned to look at her neighbor who merely pretended that she was not there...again. The girl's eyes narrowed as she glared at Ginn and then, decided to stop bothering about the jerk until the lift's doors reopened on the ground floor.

*

The doors of the lift soon opened, but Jasmine didn't make a move to exit. She remained still, successfully making Ginn wonder why she was acting so although the girl didn't know that.

A couple, a husband and his wife, entered the lift. The husband pressed the lift button labeled with the number ten. Still, Jasmine did not exit and Ginn was getting more and more puzzled. Even the couple was beginning to grow puzzled. They looked at Ginn but the young man only raised his shoulders to show that he didn't know anything.

Jasmine remained at her spot with an emotionless face. The doors of the lift began to close and quickly, Ginn moved past Jasmine to get out. At that very second, he felt his steps cut off and fell forward, planting a kiss on the doors of the lift that had already fully closed, before lying prone on the floor. By then, the lift had begun to move upwards to the tenth floor.

The couple was taken aback by Jasmine's actions. Ginn swiftly pushed himself up and stared at Jasmine with a fierce expression. His face threateningly moved closer to Jasmine's but she maintained her emotionless expression, not even looking at him in the face. The couple was filled with bewilderment then. 'What had happened?' their hearts whispered.

As soon as the lift's doors opened at the tenth floor, the husband pulled his wife out. What had happened before their eyes was upsetting. They wanted to help but felt like it was unneeded. Following their guesses, the couple thought of Jasmine and Ginn as a young couple that were falling apart.

The doors of the lift closed once again and the two neighbors continued to stare at each other, one with a fierce expression and one with a blank one that's not even looking at the other's face, both having their own egos to hold.

However, Jasmine was beginning to grow desperate. Her eyes glanced at the closed lift doors and the button panel of the lift with no buttons pressed, but for the sake of her ego, she toughened her will. Ginn on the other hand, kept on glaring at Jasmine without a word. He knew very well that the girl was beginning to grow desperate.

'How dare you try to conjure trouble with me!' he snapped in his mind.

Ginn extended his arms and placed his palms firmly on the walls of the lift, trapping Jasmine between them. Jasmine was surprised by his actions. He had gone too far!

...yet, for the sake of her pride and her ego, she continued to stay strong and unmoved.

'Your expression is like the one of an old lions!' Jasmine mentally scoffed.

But then, when their eyes locked with each other's, they felt their hearts flutter all of a sudden. Something had happened. It was as if there was a deep,

hidden reason to why their eyes connected and it wasn't just one of the two that felt that way, the both of them did.

Ginn's anger had diminished and the ego that Jasmine held onto had gone missing somewhere. There was an unknown feeling that had appeared in their hearts. Just what was that feeling?

Ting!

The doors of the lift suddenly opened. When it had started to move, the two did not know. Ginn turned to look at the L.E.D. sign above the doors. They had reached the ground floor. Standing in front of the door were three people that wanted to enter the lift but were staring in surprise at the position both Jasmine and Ginn were in instead. Who wouldn't when a young man has a girl cornered and trapped between his two arms at the back corner of the lift?

Noticing the bystanders, Jasmine ducked under Ginn's arms and ran out of the lift, leaving the young man and the three bystanders watching her disappearing form in a dumbfounded manner.

The three bystanders turned their attention back to Ginn who was still standing there, but with his arms dropped to his sides, in the lift. The moment the lift was about to close, Ginn sprang into life. He blocked the doors and ran out after Jasmine, leaving the bystanders by themselves and silently asking about what they had just witnessed.

By the time Ginn was out of the building, Jasmine was already about to exit the condominium's grounds. She was definitely a fast runner! Ginn didn't bother to chase after her anymore. Her form had already disappeared behind the guard house.

'But...just what was that feeling just now? It can't be real, can it...?' he questioned himself.

Don't even hate someone because when that hatred grows, it may turn to love and it wouldn't be just any normal love...it can be far stronger and deeper than that!

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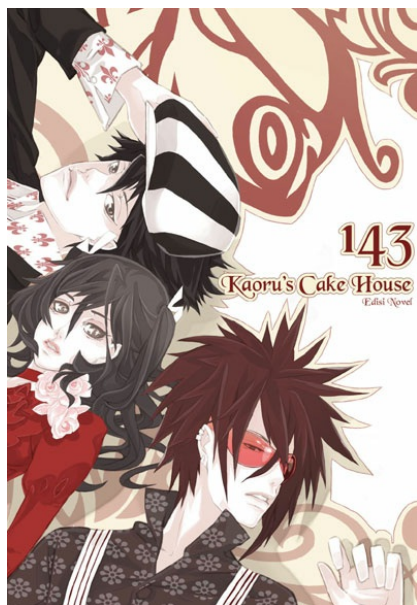
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Chapter 7

143 Kaoru's Cake House – Chapter Seven

5 Apr



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii 【ゆきい】, Sarane

Chapter Seven : Kaoru's Cake House, II

After a stop at Maria's Bouquet, Jasmine made her way towards Kaoru's Cake House. Her mother's message was still vivid in her mind, *"Send Wing my regards and tell him that these flowers are free. It'll be a promotion as the flowers are being sold at Maria's Bouquet."*

Jasmine stared at the bouquet that she still held; fresh chrysanthemum stalks of white and yellow.

She crossed from Block F to Block D of Wisma Kesuma as she continued on. While taking another step, she suddenly remembered the incident in the lift she had with Ginn an hour ago. It was an incident that she would most likely never forget.

She felt lost. Her hatred for that particular man had simply dulled away. Now, in her heart churned an emotion that she thought was impossible. The odd sensation she felt...was the feeling of falling in love. Honestly, it was the first time she felt so. The feeling felt way better than the one she had towards Wing whom she met a two days back.

With Block F left behind her, she continued walking until she finally came to a stop in front of a small mini house. It was double storey building with a touch of antique European to it. Its lawn was decorated with a carpet of grass and dainty flowers of many colors, just like the chrysanthemums she brought. Her eyes caught a glimpse of a pair of butterflies, their wings fluttering about as they danced around the flowers. Jasmine's lips curved into a smile as she walked into the shop.

At the very second she stepped foot inside, four men whipped their heads at her direction. One of them was someone she certainly recognized as Wing, the handsome chef she met when he bought carnations at Maria's Bouquet. As for the remaining three, they were strangers to her but she was sure that they were definitely Wing's employees.

The three employees each wore a matching uniform; a white long-sleeved shirt, a dark brown vest and a bowtie of the same color. They had on matching trousers and shoes, but one would not really be able to see their legs with the long white apron tied around their waist.

The moment Denny glanced at Jasmine, his heart suddenly froze in captivation. His eyes seemingly sparkled and his heart praised her beauty. *Who* was she?

"Jasmine! Do come in!" greeted Wing as he guided her over to an empty table near the cashier counter. The chair was held out for her and she took a seat. She was then, introduced to the three employees under Wing's care.

"This is Denny," Wing gestured over to the 28 year old, a light dirty blonde haired male and also a Leo. Without delay, Denny smiled and bowed in respect. His heart was beating rapidly.

'Will today be the day I meet my partner in life?' he hoped.

Jasmine mentally praised the male's handsome features. An original *bishounen*! She was sure that he made the girls melt and probably made a few

guys fall for him as well.

“That one there is Bob.” Wing pointed at the direction of a young male that lost height-wise to his colleagues. He was of the age of eighteen and a Gemini. He was one year younger than Jasmine and still attended university. He was a petite boy but don’t look down at him, he’s stronger than you think—especially in terms of tempers.

“Next to Bob is Izz.”

Jasmine turned her attention towards the guy that stood at the far end of the cake display rack. He was 25 years old and a Virgo. He seemed to be the quiet type and his expression showed calmness, just like someone with many untold secrets. Izz gave a short, sweet smile at Jasmine and bowed his head in greeting.

“What would you like to drink, Jasmine?” Wing asked directly after the introductions were done.

Jasmine didn’t answer the question first but instead, extended her hand that held the bouquet towards Wing whilst saying, “Before that, my mother wants to give you these flowers.”

“For free,” she added afterwards.

Bob and Izz exchanged quizzical looks while Denny suddenly grew jealous. ‘Wing’s getting flowers from her?!’ his eyes narrowed slightly at the seen before him.

“Eh? For free? They’re chrysanthemums... Why?” Wing accepted the flowers hesitantly.

“As a promotion. She wanted me to inform you that we are selling these flowers now. Every bouquet has ten stalks, fresh from Cameron Highlands. A bouquet only costs RM20,” Jasmine smoothly promoted the new product of Maria’s Bouquet.

“It can’t just be free! There must be some kind of ulterior motive?” Bob suddenly spoke up. Wing was quick to give him a look, his gaze hard and sharp but Bob remained unnerved. Wing quickly apologized to Jasmine and added, “Please forgive him. He’s doesn’t really think before he talks.”

Bob snorted when he heard Wing's accusation.

"It's alright, what's important is friendliness. I feel more comfortable. As for the flowers, you don't have to ask so much. After this, if you'd like, you can just buy at Maria's Bouquet, okay? Don't buy from any other shops alright!" Jasmine replied jokingly.

Wing brought his gaze to the ground and nodded his head, but he then he thought, 'There aren't even any other florist shops near this area.'

The bouquet was handed over to Denny who realized that he had shown his dislike and a twinge of jealousy instead of keeping it in. Even so, he took the bouquet without question. Wing had noticed the change in behavior and it didn't go unnoticed by the other two as well whom whispered to each other, "He's jealous!"

Denny felt himself being talked about and as quick as lightning, he turned his gaze at Bob and Izz's direction. His lips were pressed into a thin line. His two friends merely smiled at him with a sense of derogatory.

"Denny, put the flowers in the cylindrical glass pot on the counter yesterday! Make sure you put the water in first," ordered Wing but in his heart, he was whispering, 'Don't you play a fool this time, Denny!'

Denny complied without any objections. He went straight to the kitchen but the moment he passed Bob and Izz, he socked a punch at them.

Wing saw Denny's actions but simply shook his head while Jasmine smiled.

'They're just like brothers!' she thought.

Wing turned to face Bob and Izz. "What do you think you're still standing there for?!" he looked pointedly at them.

Quick on their feet, both of them left to continue their work that was left hanging at the appearance of Jasmine earlier.

"What would you like to drink, Jasmine?" asked Wing.

"Just an orange juice would be fine," she answered.

He gave a nod and immediately disappeared into the kitchen.

Jasmine stood up and made her way towards the cake display rack that showed the over 20 cakes. She was impressed.

The rack was big enough to fit the number of cakes of twenty kinds. It looked like an antique with its combination of display glass and pure dark chocolate wood. She held a hand out to touch the cold glass. It was evident it served its purpose perfectly as it maintained the coolness of the cakes all day long.

As she observed the cakes that were decorated meticulously in the rack, Denny returned to the cashier counter with the bouquet of chrysanthemum from earlier already in a vase filled of water.

“Beautiful,” Denny told Jasmine before setting the vase down on the rack.

Jasmine smiled and watched him decorate. He looked like macho man, making sure that the flowers were in the right position. When he was done, he stared at Jasmine without a blinking, causing Jasmine to stand there dumbfounded.

“Okay, Jasmine. Please sit.” All of a sudden, Wing appeared from the kitchen, carrying a glass of orange juice and a plate of blueberry cheese cake that was sprinkled with almonds. Catching a glimpse of it, Jasmine grinned and said while pointing at the cake, “I was just looking for that cake at the rack!”

“This is homemade special. It wouldn’t be in the rack. Denny makes this cake on Thursdays at 3 in the evening,” explained Wing. “This is our last slice in the kitchen.”

Jasmine turned her head towards Denny with a look of awe in her face. “Denny made this? Wow!”

Denny bowed his head in respect towards her. Looking at Wing, he gave him a smile yet Wing’s expression remained unfazed.

Jasmine took her seat and hastily picked up the small fork set beside her plate. Her eyes observed the slice of cake.

It was obvious that the cake was special. From the outside, the cake looked like it was coated with a layer of cheese cream. As for the inside, the content was a soft span of cheese. In the middle was a layer of blueberry cream. Almond was sprinkled randomly so it decorated the top of the cake and the sides of it at the same time. The aroma of blueberry mixed with cheese, as well as almond got her

appetite on the run.

Out of the blue, Bob appeared at Jasmine's side, his body bent over. His eyes were focused on the cake. While pointing a finger at it, he mentioned, "This cake *is* special! If it was sprinkled with ground nuts, it would be better! But if Wing had made it, even more so!"

Jasmine froze, startled at Bob's sudden outburst.

Wing fought to keep his cool. Denny scowled at the comment of his cake's taste being inferior. Bob could only blink when he saw all eyes in his direction. What could he do? It was a natural reaction every time he saw a slice of cake being enjoyed by someone. His passion for cake was unbearable. That was why he worked at Kaoru's Cake House. Turning on his heels, he left a stunned Jasmine there in her seat.

The girl glanced at Wing. He quickly bowed his head apologetically, sweating a little. "I apologize for that. Bob is really obsessed with cakes. It's somewhat of a taboo for him to look at people eating cake. If he doesn't comment, then he will stare. That's why whenever there are a lot of customers; we give him lots of tasks to do to get in engrossed in things other than cakes," he explained.

"Yeah, we give him lots of tasks to do when they're a lot of customers," Denny agreed. "Thank goodness he didn't teach you the right way of eating cake," he added.

Jasmine's eyebrows rose in disbelief at that. She turned behind and found Bob trying to pretend to sweep the floor, most likely embarrassed by his reactions just now.

"That's enough. Please enjoy your cake, Jasmine. If there are any comments, do tell," Wing said.

Jasmine nodded her head and turned her attention back to her slice of cake. She cut a small piece from it and brought it to her mouth. The moment the piece touched her taste buds, she could taste the delicious melted cheese that had been blended with corn flour along with the sweet taste of the blueberry core. Her eyes widened in surprise. She straightened up and covered her mouth with her palm. Her eyes then closed and spontaneously, she said, "Mmmmhh! Delicious!"

She would've added more but words were no match to how the taste was. She felt like she had died and gone to heaven.

Those who were watching couldn't help but were surprised by Jasmine's actions. Denny was speechless. He couldn't believe his eyes. The cake that he made had received such response from the girl that he liked! Bob, on the other hand, merely smiled. He understood why Jasmine reacted that way.

Wing's surprise disappeared after a few seconds. He shook his head and smiled as well. 'Looks like there's someone else that acts like Bob when it comes to cakes in this area,' he chuckled before heading into the kitchen.

However, it was too bad that Izz didn't witness it. What was he doing in the kitchen? Well, who cares? There's always next time.

Tags: [143 kaoru's cake house](#), [book](#), [cafe](#), [light novel](#), [love](#), [romance](#), [story](#), [translated](#), [translation](#)

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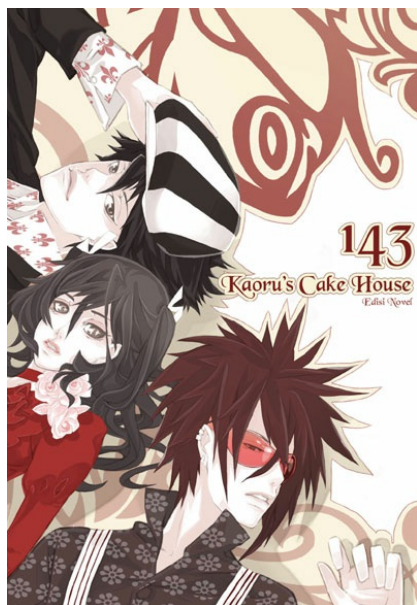
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Chapter 8

143 Kaoru's Cake House – Chapter Eight

8 Apr



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii 【ゆきい】, Sarane

Chapter Eight : If Remembered, The Other Would Remember Too

Night arrived peacefully. The dark blanket in the sky was filled with stars and the crescent moon illuminated it.

However, one person did not feel calm by the tranquility. In the vague darkness that covered the bedroom, Jasmine stared out of her window from her cross-legged position on her fluffy bed while hugging her pillow.

The girl's heart was filled with longing for someone. The incident in the lift earlier in the day had really gripped onto her soul. It wasn't how they didn't share the same views, but it was the sudden speeding up of her heart.

At this moment, Jasmine missed him. The stare he had made her melt. When his face was up close, she could see every fine detail on him; the long, thick

lashes and his beautiful clear complexion that would make every girl jealous. It was hard for her to forget.

But then, it was harder for her to understand how beautiful this feeling she felt blooming in her heart could be. In one second, they hated each other but in the other second that followed...they had most likely fallen in love...?

‘The way Ginn’s eyes had shone in the lift was as if he was trying to show me something...something like love,’ Jasmine smiled at that thought, feeling a little shy.

But wait!

“How can things turn out like this?! There’s no way that I have feelings for that jerk!” Jasmine suddenly shouted. “Impossible!” She threw her pillow to one side and got up to move closer to her window. She faced the sky, trying to take in the sight before her. She counted the stars (never mind that it was impossible to count them all) and stared at the moon, trying to clear her mind. Still, Ginn Celes remained in there.

“I think he was wearing Allure Sport for Men just now...Was it because of me?” Jasmine mumbled to herself. She closed her curtains and plopped onto her bed. Her lips had curved up into a sweet smile, a smile that one would show when one was in love.

Her eyes closed in satisfaction. ‘He was wearing Allure Sport for Men like dad!’ she shouted happily in her mind.

*

Ginn could not sleep. He was standing on his balcony, looking out at the beautiful wide night sky that was filled with stars. The moonlight shown so brightly that it nearly illuminated the whole room behind him.

‘She should be able to see the moon clearly at her home...’ the thought unconsciously came into Ginn’s mind. When he realized that, he groaned in dismay. Her face had embedded itself in his mind. Did he fall for her already?

Well, he knew the answer to that question as he was already interested in her since their first meeting. However, the first meeting did not go well. Still, it did not mean that that didn’t promise a seemingly impossible dream, and the proof

for that is that now he truly felt something in his heart for Jasmine. That feeling....that feeling was a feeling that he once felt with Moon. However, the one he felt now seemed more than love, it was like hope. Hope that both he and she could be more than friends....

Ginn let out a louder groan in dismay. 'Impossible!' he shook his head to rid of all thoughts about the beautiful girl living in front of his condo unit. He moved away from the balcony as he felt the cold biting onto him and headed to his bedroom. Every step he took, his mind would remember Jasmine's face and stare. Her deep brown eyes were large and wide like a doe's, but the emotion that shone in them made them more beautiful.

'Was it love?' Ginn smile at himself. There was no way he would believe that to be true.

He shut the bedroom door behind him and fell onto his fluffy and soft queen sized bed. It felt like heaven lying there but that could not compare to the feeling that made Ginn continue to smile at himself now

His bedroom felt so wide and large, making him feel lonely. The loneliness could be cause by yearning due to love. It was an emotion that made him feel impatient for the moment he would once again meet her, who he was hoping to be by his side at this second, to arrive.

"She changed her perfume...it smelled like Estee Lauder's PAE just now..." Ginn mumbled, still smiling to himself. "She changed her perfume...was it because I commented on the topic that day?" he continued. Ginn wanted to believe that Jasmine had indeed changed her perfume because of his comment that day because now, he himself was starting to like the scent of Allure Sport for Men.

"Ah! That's enough Ginn Celes! Not much had even happened and you have already fallen in love!" he groused while slapping himself on the cheek. "It's better for me to sleep...!" he turned again and immediately shut his eyes.

It was obvious that he was exhausted by today's events because he drifted off to slumber right after his eyes closed. His slumber brought him to a dream...a dream that invited him to meet with Jasmine.

Why is it a taboo to confess your love even though you can still feel it in the longing hatred, the cool night, the feeling of love is still there...

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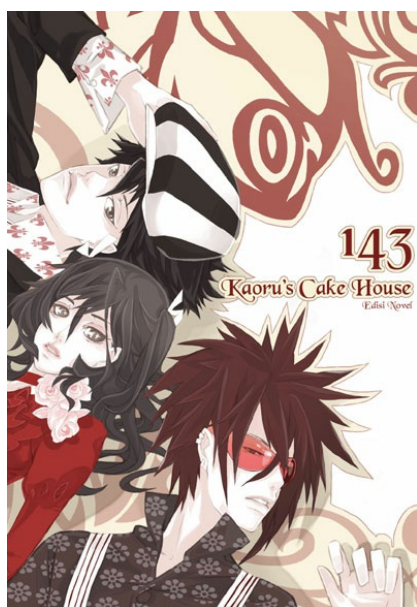
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Chapter 9

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[22 Apr](#)

Yukii【ゆきい】: We're currently looking for Chinese to English Translators! If you're interested, please click on the 'Contact' page to contact us and ask for more details!



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii【ゆきい】, Sarane

Chapter Nine : Saturday Morning Call

Ginn Celes' sweet Saturday morning slumber was disturbed by a call from his brother, Mike Celes.

“Hey! Aren't you awake yet? It'll be hard getting an income if you keep waking up this late!” Mike reprimanded before Ginn could even utter a morning greeting.

In a hoarse voice from just waking up, Ginn answered, “I came back home late

last night. After playing tennis with some friends, a client called to discuss about an upcoming runway project.”

“Whatever my dear boy, you still have to wake up early. Breathe some fresh morning air. It’s already 8 o’clock. Being a bachelor doesn’t mean you can do anything according to your will. Natures hate that,” Mike lectured.

Fury ignited within Ginn. He wanted to voice his resilient. His blood boiled for a moment. “Did you call this early only to rant? Are you mom now?!”

He could hear Mike chuckling over on the other end of the phone. Then, he heard the shuffling sounds of the phone being passed as Mike talked with the other person. “Here, you better speak to him. He’s already pissed!”

“Hello...good morning!” The sweet voice enter in his ears. Moon Johanez!

“Hi! Morning,” Ginn immediately greeted. The voice of the girl he respected the most was ringing in his ears, her good morning wish to him repeating again and again.

“Ginn, we’ll have lunch at Kaoru’s Cake House later this afternoon, alright? We can discuss about the wedding dress then,” Moon said.

“Alright!” Ginn agreed.

“Okay, see you!” Moon replied before ending the call.

Unable to reply quick enough, the line was cut off. Ginn’s lips curved upwards into a smile while he shook his head. He threw his phone onto the bed and then, went straight for the shower. As he got ready to enjoy the weekend morning, he couldn’t help but think about that girl.... Jasmine, along with what he should eat for breakfast.

Just as Ginn was about to enter the bathroom, his house phone rang. Quickly he rush to where his house phone was and picked up the call, “Good morning, Ginn’s Residence!”

“Good morning, Ginn!” The voice on the other line belonged to none other than his business partner, Elle Cavier. He was a fashion designer that he truly respected and admired.

“Hello boss! How are you this morning? Why did you call on a weekend? Is

there an emergency event?” asked Ginn while dropping onto his bed.

“No, there isn’t. I just wanted to ask what your plans are for this afternoon. I was thinking of inviting you to lunch...” answered Elle but before he could finish his sentence, Ginn cut him off.

“Alright! We’ll meet at Kaoru’s Cake House during lunchtime! Mike—my brother—and Moon wants to discuss about the wedding dress. I really need you there to perfect the wedding dress I designed. Please!”

“Hmm... okay. See you there,” Elle replied without any objections and then hung up.

Ginn smiled another time and shook his head. That was how Elle was after succeeding a huge task. He would rest the whole weekend without checking at the boutique or making any meeting with any customers. Just one day all for himself.

After returning the house phone to where it belonged, Ginn stood up and went to the bathroom. This time, there were no interruptions by the phone and his mind wandered back to the last Saturday. Will he be able to meet Jasmine today? It has been four days since the encounter in the lift.

If the morning brought you to her, then she’ll be yours for the day...

*

Just like usual, Jasmine woke up as early as dawn. She had breakfast with her mother and as if it were a routine, she accompanied her mother to Maria’s Bouquet.

The hand on the clock read half past eight in the morn. By then, Jasmine was all alone in the condo unit again. Lazy to watch television, she went to her bedroom. All of a sudden, her mobile phone that was lying on top of her study table rang. In one swift motion, she picked it up and answered the call after a quick glance at the ID. She couldn’t help the grin on her face.

“Hello Liyana! Why are you only calling now? It’s not nice you know!” Jasmine playfully scolded.

“I’m sorry, my friend. It’s hard to call from Pakistan,” Liyana softly replied.

“You promised to call four days ago!” Jasmine whined childishly.

“Sorry. I had a flight delay because there were unsettled things over there.”

“So? Are you back already?”

“Yes!”

Jasmine cheered. “When can we meet?” she asked instantly.

“Anytime works. But...didn’t you move out? I don’t know your new address. Where is it?”

Jasmine proceeded to tell her best friend her new address but out of the blue, Liyana’s side of the line grew quiet. Silence. Jasmine’s answer had made her mute. Or was it simply a connection problem?

“Hello! Hello! Are you there?!” Jasmine called over the phone repeatedly.

“Yes... I’m here.”

“What happened?!”

Liyana paused, uncertainty laced in her voice. “It’s nothing. Err...you’re living over there now? Do you mean....the one near Kaoru’s Cake House?”

Jasmine stared in nothing at particular, her smile widening as she heard the name of her newly found shop yesterday.

“Yes! How did you know the shop, Liyana? Have you been there before?”

“Um.... I have friends there.”

“You mean the guys there?”

“Yes...”

Jasmine’s heart leapt in joy. She didn’t know that her best friend that went toKoreajust a month ago before heading toPakistancame back with good news. Liyana was already used to the area. Especially Kaoru’s Cake House that served her favorite cake.

“That’s great! If it’s like that, why don’t we meet at Kaoru’s Cake House this afternoon?”

“What?! We’ll just meet at your house! It’ll be fine! I want to see your new

place!” Liyana replied, reluctant to go to the cake shop.

“We’ll come to my place after we hang out at the shop. Please?” Jasmina pleaded.

Liyana began to complain, giving excuses, trying to get out of the situation.

“Why won’t you go there? You’ve fainted in front of them before, haven’t you?” Jasmine giggled at the memory of her best friend’s phobia of guys. Even more so if she was touched by her crush. She could definitely faint!

“That’s enough! We’ll meet there at half past one!”

“Alright~” Jasmine replied in a singsong tone.

It was evident she was filled with bubbling happiness with the return of her childhood best friend. There was much to tell since she moved here. Even more about the one thing, or rather person, that haunted her mind...

Ginn Celes.

Tags: [143 kaoru's cake house](#), [143 Karou's Cake House](#), [book](#), [cafe](#), [life](#), [light novel](#), [love](#), [romance](#), [story](#), [translated](#), [translation](#)

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Chapter 10

143 Kaoru's Cake Shop – Chapter Ten

19 May

Yukii【ゆきい】: Aaaaannnd we're back with a new chapter of 143 Kaoru's Cake House! Sorry to keep all of you waiting! By the way, we're currently in need of **Chinese to English translators** so if you're someone who knows those two languages and would like to assist us in translating, will you join us? We need help with translating *Twenty-One Nights Rose*!



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii【ゆきい】, Sarane

Chapter Ten : Kaoru's Cake House, II

“Where’s Izz?!” Wing’s voice from the kitchen echoed within the walls of Kaoru’s Cake House. Bob, who was at the cake display rack near the cashier counter, could hear it clearly. What less the customers that were seated nearby?

Wing’s favorite employee had disappeared from the kitchen without notice

half an hour ago. Denny didn't know where he had gone off to so the rest wouldn't as well. Denny looked at Bob, Bob looked back at Denny. The both of them were clueless. It was as if Izz had vanished into thin air.

Ting~!

Izz appeared at the front door, the main entrance—not the emergency exit door or the back door located in the kitchen—of the cake shop. This meant that he had gone to a place far from the grounds of Kaoru's Cake House.

Bob went to where Izz stood and then asked, "Where did you go, Izz? Wing's been looking for you!"

Like his usual behavior, Izz still looked calm like nothing had happened, puzzling everyone else further. It was a known (and terrifying) fact of what would happen when Wing became angry.

"I went out for a while and forgot to inform someone. It was an emergency," Izz replied Bob. He strode into the kitchen where Wing was waiting. Bob and Denny could only watch Izz as he did so. In his right hand was a small paper bag with Tiffany & Co. printed on it. The two males stared at it for a few extra seconds before looking at each other and sharing the same thought;

'Izz has a special gift for someone!'

*

Izz entered the kitchen and saw Wing busy getting ready to bake something—most likely trying a new recipe. Noticing Izz's presence, Wing left his work.

"Where did you go, hmm?" he questioned.

"Sorry boss, but she's back so I have to achieve my dream before it's too late," Izz answered politely, showing an expression that asked for forgiveness for this one time.

"What do you mean?" Wing raised an eyebrow. He couldn't fully comprehend the words of his employee that was the most silent and obedient compared to the others. However, when his eyes caught sight of the paper bag from an exclusive international jewelry brand that was in Izz's right hand, he understood.

"Liyana's back already?"

Izz nodded in confirmation. Wing fell silent. There wasn't any use to lecture Izz for leaving the shop without permission. After all, there are times when love overcomes reason. Today, he must accept that that was what made Izz act out of character.

One of Wing's weaknesses is that he clearly understands the love one feels for someone. It was something to be cherished, especially when it's from a young man who truly knows the meaning of love and is also very patient with the person that gained his affection. Izz will never act rashly even though he has waited for a long period. Still, patience will wear thin like how clear water will turn cloudy at some time. So before rust lines the shining object, Izz gets... something from Tiffany & Co.?!

"Is that what she likes?" Wing motioned at the paper bag. Izz nodded again in reply. He placed the paper bag on the shelf near the area where drinks were made.

"That's sweet," Wing commented while returning to his soon-to-be cake. Izz did not reply. He stood still as if he lost all reason to do anything. Wing proceeded to mix the ingredients he placed in the mixing bowl like Izz was no longer there, making the other male feel uncomfortable.

"You don't wish to say anything else, boss?"

"What else should say? That's expensive. I'm sure you've been saving up money these two whole years to buy that. Or did you use your other savings that's for publishing the illustrated book about cakes that you want to create in the future?" Wing replied without looking.

"I have to try again. Who knows, maybe she has changed."

Wing stopped rolling the dough together and let out a long sigh. He removed the traces of dough on his hand and went to the sink. He turned on the tap and washed his hands with soap. Once he was done, he dried his hands with the small hand towel that hung nearby. He then, made his way towards Izz.

Wing placed a hand on Izz's shoulder and said, "There are times when the other is right and we are wrong. What we want changed may not change because it is at where it belongs. Two years have passed Izz, has she ever tried to contact you?"

Izz was silent. Wing was right, but he can't give up. He was not afraid of getting rejected by the person he loved. "I will keep on trying," he said firmly.

Wing let out a shorter sigh this time. He patted Izz's shoulder twice as if to give him support.

"One orange juice and an ice lemon tea, Wing! Mike Celes and his fiancée are here!" Denny's sudden voice interrupted their conversation.

Izz immediately started to work on the drinks while Wing headed to the front to greet said customers.

*

Mike Celes and Moon Johanez were already seated when Wing emerged from the kitchen.

"Hey Wing! Good business you have here," Mike waved with a grin.

"After a certain period of losses," Wing replied with a small smile, earning a laugh from Mike, as he sat down on one of the remaining two seats.

"The interior of the shop is really beautiful now, especially after you've refined the image with all of these yellow and white chrysanthemum flowers," Moon complimented, causing Wing to smile again.

"Right, I've just noticed! Where did you get this idea?" Mike asked, but before Wing could answer him, they were graced with Ginn's presence.

The young fashion designer had seemingly appeared out of the blue with his DK portfolio artist bag while saying, "Woah, what a nice interior! Where did all the carnations go?!"

Mike, Moon and Wing smiled at Ginn's exclamations. There wasn't anyone who didn't know him. He was charismatic, loud, tall and confident with an occasional ego at the right times.

"So Wing, what happened to this shop of yours? It looks splendid!" Ginn continued while taking the final empty seat at the table his brother, friend and soon-to-be sister-in-law sat.

"Yeah, that's what I wanted to say earlier. This shop looks delicious! It *must* be the chrysanthemum," Mike added while Moon nodded her head in agreement.

“Look at the other customers. They’re all diligently eating your cakes. I’m very sure that the new inside look is the reason why their appetite goes wow!” Ginn motioned to the other customers seated at their respective tables. A cynical smile appeared on Wing’s lips as he shook his head. He clearly understood what his friend was implying.

“Seriously Wing, whose idea is this? The carnations weren’t bad before, but without doubt these chrysanthemums give a new feel. I’ve never thought that they can make one feel fresh. Especially...” Moon tried to put her thoughts into words but she could not find the right ones to express them.

“Well, time to order a drink,” Ginn said.

“We’ve already ordered,” Mike told while Moon nodded.

“Alright, then I’d like a glass of chrysanthemum tea. Not the one from the juice box or carton, but the one from the flowers you have here,” Ginn ordered. He wasn’t joking but serious. This gave a slight startle to both Mike and Moon. Wing, on the other hand, examined Ginn’s expression for a moment to make sure he was joking or not. Ginn was serious though. The chef smiled and stood up. “Ginn, you’re definitely suitable with her,” he stated.

Mike and Moon were puzzled by Wing’s statement. Who was the female that he’s mentioning? Ginn was even more puzzled. Since when was Wing good with matchmaking?

“Her?” Ginn tilted his head to one side. “Who’s that?”

“A very impressive girl who brought the concept of chrysanthemum flowers to this shop. Thanks to these flowers, the shop’s earnings are increasing. Believe me, her way of creative thinking is like yours. Besides being decorations, we dry the wilted flowers to be used for making chrysanthemum drinks. A lot of customers order them. It’s like a blessing! Ginn, you should meet her,” Wing replied. He didn’t say the girl’s name although he did not know why either. It didn’t matter anyway. Let time take its course.

The chef left Ginn, Mike and Moon to prepare Ginn’s drink as Bob appeared with a glass of orange juice and ice lemon tea—Mike’s and Moon’s order. Once the adorable waiter placed the drinks on the table, Ginn enquired him about the girl who came up with the idea of using chrysanthemums as decorations.

Bob smiled widely when he heard Ginn's question. His thoughts went to the pretty girl who had the same taste as him; blueberry cheesecake sprinkled with nuts!

"Jasmine..." Bob said barely audibly.

"Huh?" Ginn, Mike and Moon chorused. They couldn't hear the adorable waiter clearly at all. Bob looked down in embarrassment like someone who had gotten caught daydreaming in the middle of something important. His thoughts spontaneously drifted off to Jasmine instead of cakes this time. Bob bowed as a sign of apology.

"Jasmine. Her name is Jasmine. She's the daughter of a florist shop in this area. If I'm not wrong, it's called Maria's Bukit. Err...eh! No, no, I mean Maria's Bouquet!" Bob corrected himself quickly while bowing another time before going back to the cashier counter. He felt really embarrassed!

"Ohhh," Mike and Moon made a sound to show that they understood. Ginn didn't though. He recognized the name. Isn't it the name of his neighbor that lived in the condo unit E-14-3? Well, it should be her.

'Fate can't be changed,' Ginn mused. His eyes glanced at the chrysanthemums all around inside Kaoru's Cake House. They brighten up the place, beautify it. It felt like Jasmine was standing right there as well.

Moon and Mike noticed Ginn's actions. The couple had questions running through their minds like why Ginn's ears seemingly perk up when the name Jasmine was said. Then, they realized...

'Something must have happened between them!' an invisible light bulb appeared on their heads.

Any doubts regarding something will be asked anyway~!

Note

– The word 'Bukit' is a Malay word that means 'Hill', it's left there for the laugh since Bukit is almost pronounced the same as Bouquet.

– Also, notice Jasmine's condo unit number (E-14-3)? Take away the E and the

dashes and you'll get 143 which is part of the novel's title~

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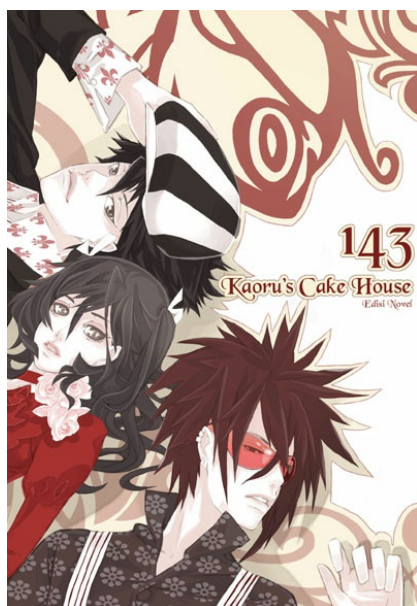
Chapter 11

143 Kaoru's Cake Shop – Chapter Eleven

2 Jun

Kurobara Chou : We're currently in need of **Chinese to English translators** so if you're someone who knows those two languages and would like to assist us in translating, will you join us? (Or, if you know someone who does, brainwash them to help? x'D) We need help with translating *Twenty-One Nights Rose*!

Besides that, we're looking for some **proofreaders** as well! You need to be very active on your email account though (like checking in once a week), in addition to having a good command on the English language.



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii 【ゆきい】

Chapter Eleven : Kaoru's Cake House, III

An hour had passed since Ginn, Mike and Moon sat down to discuss about Moon's wedding dress, that passed hour was also an hour after Elle Cavier

arrived. In that time period, more than five other customers had entered and left, buying the delicious cakes at Kaoru's Cake House. Now and then, Wing stopped by at their table and every time he did, he would definitely be asked the same question; 'What do you think?' by Elle. The answer he gave every time asked was, 'Well....not bad.'

Now, the final say has been accepted. Moon had finally agreed with one of Ginn's designs but, it is with the deal that the wedding dress' collar on that design was not to reveal too much cleavage.

"I like the wedding dress that Kate Middleton wore during her wedding. It looks so marvelous! I want something like that, but without sleeves. Have the lace that covers the skin connect from the dress to a collar and add on silk gloves that ends above the elbows instead," Moon slightly gushed. Mike and Ginn exchanged looks before smiling at each other. They were both men who understand Moon's tastes. Ginn, someone who Moon once loved and Mike, the person Moon loves dearly now.

"Alright guys? Don't make that kind of face. I want a dress like that, simple, classy and elegant yet not too old fashioned," Moon continued sternly. The two men she was addressing two said nothing but nodded their heads in reply instead. Elle could only smile as he shook his head. "Moon, Berry'C will make sure that *you* look way more marvelous and way more gorgeous than Kate Middleton on your big day, ok?" he said.

Moon's lips curled up into a shy smile. "You don't have to go that far, Elle. Simple is already enough. Kate Middleton is a girl who's married to a prince. I am only a normal girl who's going to marry a normal man."

"Moon, this is a once in a lifetime thing so there's nothing wrong to that...*unless*, you want to marry again sometime?" Ginn replied in a joking manner. This made Moon's face turn a shade of red while Mike could only blink his eyes.

Pap!

A playful slap from Moon landed on Ginn's right shoulder.

Pik!

A hard flick from Mike landed on Ginn's left ear.

"Ouch! Mike! That hurts!" Ginn whined while rubbing his red ear.

"Who asked you to say such nonsense?" Mike replied angrily causing Elle to shake his head again at the sight of the Celes brother's argument. Elle got up from his seat and then, made his way towards the cashier counter. The second he ordered something from Denny who was behind the cashier counter, the bell hanging above the front door suddenly jingled which meant that a new customer had just entered.

Jingling!

The door closed by itself behind Jasmine as she entered. Denny's expression changed to a happier one when he saw her—his dream girl!

Seeing that Denny's attention now was to something or someone behind him, Elle turned his head to see the recently entered customer and as soon as he did, he couldn't help but feel attracted to her.

"Hey guys!" Jasmine waved at Denny at his place behind the cashier counter and at Bob who was at his spot near the cake display rack. It was for sure that her smile was too sweet that it melted Denny's heart.

However, there was also another's heart which also melted.

'She's beautiful!' Elle mentally exclaimed.

The conversation between Ginn, Mike and Moon had stopped. Ginn's eyes were on Jasmine who was walking towards the cashier counter. Her steps weren't too big or too small. It had a slight skip to it that made her appear more cheerful than she was at that moment. Ginn's heart began speeding up. The girl who had a grip on his heart had appeared before his eyes!

Mike and Moon were confused by Ginn's sudden interest in something else. Their eyes followed where his eyes were staring. When they saw Jasmine, they smiled knowingly at each other. She was the girl that came up with the idea of decorating the interior of the shop with chrysanthemums! She was the one that made Ginn seem like a new person. He was finally going after a girl! His ego flew away as soon as his eyes set sight on her, this was amazing!

At the cashier counter, Jasmine stood directly next to Elle. She looked at him with her sweet smile on her lips while thinking about how handsome he was. Elle returned the smile while giving a polite nod. Inside, he felt like his soul was stirring—like someone who had fallen in love (at first sight).

“I feel like I know you from somewhere...have we met before?” Jasmine tilted her head to one side. Her words puzzled Elle who was trying to control his feelings. “What do you mean?” he asked.

When her question was replied with another question, Jasmine became confused as well. It was weird how she had spoken that way unexpectedly and it was the first time as well. “I’m not entirely sure, you just seem familiar...never mind, please forget what I’ve just said,” Jasmine replied, dropping the subject. She turned attention to Denny after that.

Elle grew suspicious at this but pushed the feeling away as it would be troublesome. On the other hand, Denny was waiting for Jasmine to speak. However, that girl suddenly furrowed her eyebrows in confusion instead.

“Eh?! Where is she?!” Jasmine exclaimed, looking left and right as if she was searching for someone. Then, she turned to the front door of the shop.

“Oh, that girl!” Jasmine let out a huff. “Sorry, I’m supposed to have a friend with me, but she didn’t want to enter and it clearly looks like that she did just that! Hold on for a second, alright?” she explained before going out.

Denny and Elle looked at each other, both lost and both shrugging to show that neither knew what was going on.

Ginn grew irritated the second he saw Jasmine suddenly exit the place. It disappeared soon though as it was barely even a minute before she reentered the shop while dragging another girl.

Jasmine’s steps came to a stop in the middle of the front door and cashier counter of Kaoru’s Cake House. Something had made her freeze. She felt something like something was pulling her. Her heartbeat echoed in her ears. She spun to her left where Ginn sat. When her eyes caught sight of him, her heart pounded louder. As she was about to smile and as Ginn was about to catch it, she thought otherwise.

‘This isn’t the time,’ Jasmine thought. She turned back around and continued her way towards the cashier counter. She didn’t see Ginn’s disappointment and how the couple sitting in front of him was bewildered.

“Denny, please bring us two slices of blueberry cheesecake sprinkled with nuts, one orange juice and one...” Jasmine paused and turned to her companion.

“Liyana, what would you like to drink?” she asked.

“Strawberry milk, please,” Liyana told Denny, looking uncomfortable. She felt like she couldn’t breathe.

Denny’s eyebrows were furrowed after he had gotten a good look at Jasmine’s companion. She looked really familiar and he voiced that out. The girl gave a small smile.

“Don’t tell me you’ve forgotten already, Denny? It’s me, Liyana!” Liyana replied while holding out a hand for a handshake.

“Ohhh! Liyana! The Liyana that was with...” Denny took her hand and shook it, but he was unable to finish his sentence because Liyana had cut him off. “Shh! Let’s talk about that later, alright? Is he still here?” she said.

Jasmine smiled at her spot next to Liyana. Although she didn’t know the full story, at least she knew that Liyana had visited the cake shop once and even made friends with the employer and employees.

Elle had not spoken since the beginning of Jasmine, Liyana and Denny’s conversation. Like a stranger, he merely listened. After all, standing next to Jasmine was already enough.

“He’s at the back with Wing. It’s been long since he has last seen you, right? Where did you go?” Denny questioned.

“I see...let’s talk later. This man wants to order something. He’s been waiting for a long time already,” Liyana motioned to Elle who still has not spoken since then. Jasmine turned her head to look as well. Elle was smiling politely at them. Questions on whether she had truly met him before were still running through Jasmine’s mind. From his looks, Jasmine knew that he was a man that shared the same tastes as Ginn.

“Ah! Let me introduce him to you. This is Elle Cavier, a fashion designer from

Berry'C," Denny told Liyana and Jasmine.

"Oh, I know why you seem so familiar now! Elle Cavier! Two weeks ago, you've ordered some flowers from my mother's shop!" Jasmine exclaimed with a bright smile. Then, she noticed Elle's expression that showed that her words still didn't ring a bell in his head. "Maria's Bouquet?" Jasmine reminded.

"Ah, I see! So, you're Miss Maria's daughter, right?" Elle replied once realization struck him. Jasmine nodded and this is the blooming friendship between them.

Ginn who had been watching from a distance all along could feel an unpleasant emotion flooding his being. The sight of Elle and Jasmine conversing and laughing...their first meeting was better than how he and the same girl had first met. That unpleasant feeling was jealousy and it's sprouting in Ginn.

Jealousy can show how much you care for a person...

Tags: [143 kaoru's cake house](#), [143 Karou's Cake House](#), [book](#), [cafe](#), [life](#), [light novel](#), [love](#), [romance](#), [story](#), [translated](#), [translation](#)

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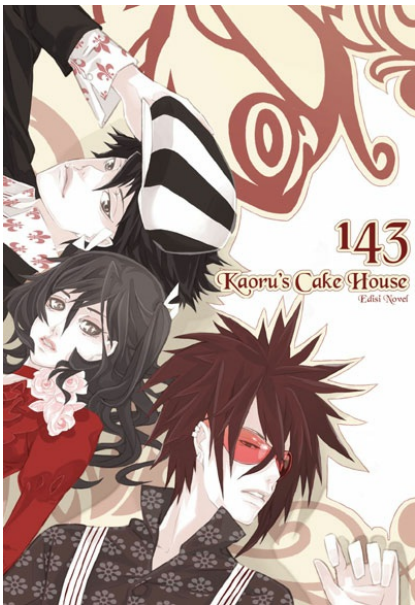
Part One

[143 Kaoru's Cake Shop – Chapter Twelve \(Part One\)](#)

[17 Jun](#)

Yukii【ゆきい】: We're currently in need of **Chinese to English translators** so if you're someone who knows those two languages and would like to assist us in translating, will you join us? And if you know someone who does instead...please beg them to help us for us? We need help with translating *Twenty-One Nights Rose*!

Also, I've split this chapter into two parts because it's too long.



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii【ゆきい】

Chapter Twelve : Kaoru's Cake House, IV

Part One

It seemed like there were weights chained onto his being as Izz felt reluctant to face Liyana. However so, there was already a small box—a present for the girl—

that he held onto tightly in his palm.

Now and then, Bob glanced into the kitchen from the round glass that was placed on the wooden door as part of its design. He could see Wing and Izz, standing before each other at the far corner of the kitchen. Both of them weren't talking. They were just standing there as if they were being pressured.

On the other hand, Denny had used his head to gesture his question of how the two men in the kitchen were. Bob's answer, like the past three times, was only the raising of his shoulders that said that he didn't know.

Love is like a river, flowing without stop but growing wider as time passes instead...

"Izz, weren't you all gung-ho about this just a while ago? You said you would be brave, but what happened to that bravery now? If you don't go see her now, it'll be a waste of your money buying that," Wing motioned at the gift in Izz's hand.

Izz remained silent. His heart is still hurt. No, it wasn't that he didn't want to face Liyana, it's just that two years of loyally waiting was a long period. Until today, he had been and is still hoping for a positive answer. However, the chances of getting the answer he wanted were only a small percentage. No matter how hard he tried or whatever he did, the answer he received was still the same.

"Izz, there are people who like to watch from afar instead of taking action, but that can only last for how long? In the amount of time spent waiting, there is a possibility of receiving multiple chances. Waiting loyally at the sidelines for that one moment may never bring it to you, but the moments that aren't being waited for are the ones that will bring a larger, more positive change," Wing's advice was full of meaning. Izz smiled and nodded his head. Never, had he thought that Wing would be able to say words like those, but they were enough to make him regain his nerves. He had to see Liyana!

If love comes once, it doesn't mean that it won't return. It will come again, but from the other person instead. It could be the 'him' from the past or the 'him' that will soon enter your life...

Jasmine and Liyana sat down at a table on the right corner of the shop, close

to the glass door. Opposite from them was where Ginn, Mike, Moon and Elle sat. From there, Elle sneaked glances at Jasmine. Ginn, with anger growing inside of him, noticed his friend's actions.

Jasmine ignored them. She left them to their own discussions. Now, she needed to put her full attention at listening to Liyana's confession. Her best friend's confession was about the truth between herself and Kaoru's Cake House. It was about her and Izz. This is Liyana's time, not Jasmine's and Ginn's!

"Unbelievable. This is what we call fate," Jasmine commented after listening to Liyana's tale.

"I don't think it is fate. I still can't cure my 'illness'," Liyana replied in an upset tone.

Jasmine fell silent. That illness, the spontaneous illness that even a psychologist couldn't cure, is the phobia of love. Whenever Liyana was touched by the man she loved, she would immediately faint.

"Hmm...that's weird. From then until now, you're still not cured from that problem?" Jasmine questioned worriedly. Liyana replied with a shake of her head.

"After two years of meeting many boys, you're still like this?!" Jasmine exclaimed in disbelief. Liyana is a beautiful person with long waves of light hair, large brown eyes and a personality to match her demure. It was only natural to have boys attracted to her like bees to flowers.

Liyana looked at her friend and gave her a smile. She placed her hands on the table and then, said, "Min, the other boys aren't the same with Izz. I don't have any feelings when I'm with them. I only get them with Izz. He's someone that I really care for deeply. He's someone that I only have this over-pouring love for. Even if you put Brad Pitt next to me, Justin Bieber, One Direction, Taylor Lautner, Robert Pattinson, Alex Pettyfer, Super Junior, Big Bang, U-Kiss, Kimura Takuya, Tomohisa Yamashita, Jay Chou, Fahrenheit..."

Jasmine fanned her hand in front of Liyana's face before cutting the girl off. "Enough already! Enough! You don't have to name all the celebrities that you like, ok? I understand what you're trying to say!" she told, earning a giggle from Liyana.

Then all of a sudden, they heard a voice greeting them. It belonged to Izz.

Liyana was shocked. Words wouldn't leave her lips as her eyes were fixed on the guy she loved. Jasmine on the other hand, was panicking inside. Liyana could faint anytime. So, before that could take place, Jasmine stood up. "Hi, Izz! Finally, the two of you meet! Liyana, is there anything you would like to say?"

Izz and Liyana were confused for a moment. They looked at Jasmine, bemused by why the sweet girl would ruin the supposing romantic reunion. Jasmine ignored the looks though. Her only intention was to lighten up the atmosphere so things wouldn't be too awkward. She was hoping that it would at least help Liyana to relax slightly and not faint.

At the cashier counter, Bob and Denny could be seen watching the three. They wanted to know what was going on. Maybe the conversation between Jasmine, Liyana and Izz wasn't clear enough, but Jasmine's actions puzzled Bob and Denny. Wing who had exited the kitchen, didn't give any reactions. He could tell that something exciting would take place soon though.

"Min, I'm okay," Liyana assured while using the nickname she gave Jasmine. The other girl quirked an eyebrow. "Are you sure?" Jasmine asked with a sweet smile.

Liyana nodded her head in reply, causing Izz to smile as well. Sure, he was a little embarrassed that Jasmine knew the whole truth, but if she didn't, he wouldn't be able to feel sure about himself and Liyana. That wasn't important now, though. The girl he loves is in front of his eyes and she had to be given attention.

Besides, from when he was first introduced to Jasmine by Wing, Izz had actually already known who Jasmine was. He knew about the girl when he met Liyana. However, that time he wasn't formally introduced to her. When he was with Liyana, he only knew Jasmine as his lover's best friend. He had only seen Jasmine's face from afar and in Liyana's photo albums. So, it wasn't a weird if Jasmine knew about the whole truth...it's just that in that time, they've have not formally meet each other or maybe she had never seen his face before judging from when Wing introduced him that day, Jasmine hadn't given any reactions that showed that she knew him.

"Well if that's the case, I should leave you guys alone," Jasmine offered, smile

widening.

“No. I’d like to talk with Liyana outside, if you don’t mind,” Izz replied while giving a tender glance at Liyana.

Liyana turned to Jasmine to get her best friend’s reply. Jasmine nodded her head to show that she agreed. Then, Liyana got up from her seat and made her way out to the front lawn of Kaoru’s Cake House with Izz following her from behind. His hand remained in the side pocket of his trousers all the while. Inside his pocket was where he kept the small, Tiffany gift box.

Tags: [143 kaoru's cake house](#), [143 Karou's Cake House](#), [life](#), [light novel](#), [love](#), [romance](#), [story](#), [translated](#), [translation](#)

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Part Two

[143 Kaoru's Cake House – Chapter Twelve \(Part Two\)](#)

[9 Jul](#)

Yukii【ゆきい】: Hello everyone and sorry for the long wait! Things have been pretty hectic! Anyway, here's part two of chapter twelve for 143 Kaoru's Cake House!

We're currently in need of **Chinese to English translators** so if you're someone who knows those two languages and would like to assist us in translating, will you join us? And if you know someone who does instead...please beg them to help us for us? We need help with translating *Twenty-One Nights Rose*!

Also, we're doing 'trades'! Seeing as there are a lot of manga scanlation groups needing help and that we need help as well, I'm offering to be a Proofreader, Quality Checker and/or Typesetter(I have no experience in this so I'll need to be shown the ropes...I'm a fast learner) as long as you can get a C>E translator for the 'trade'! [For example, *pages for pages*, or *chapter(s) for chapter(s)*.] If you're in need to a Malay>English translator (for eg: Kaoru's works), I can help as well.

Yes, you can see that we're pretty desperate at this point... OTL But, nevertheless, enjoy reading~!



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii 【ゆきい】

Chapter Twelve : Kaoru's Cake House, IV

Part Two

When an obstacle is met in the flowing river that represents love, a bridge will be built to cross it...

“So...what happened?”

The attention of both Denny and Bob on Liyana and Izz was interrupted when Ginn's voice brought them back to reality. How long had he been standing at the cashier counter? Denny and Bob didn't know, but Elle, Mike and Moon were standing beside him. They were watching Izz and Liyana exit Kaoru's Cake House.

However, Ginn was staring at Jasmine's direction. Jasmine had also averted her attention to him. From where Jasmine stood, nearly thirty meters away from the cashier counter, both she and Ginn were smiling at each other. The pleased feeling they shared didn't have to be spoken out loud for everyone to know how they felt.

Seeing how Ginn and the others were done, Bob hurriedly left the cashier counter and headed to the table they had sat at. He proceeded to clean it up.

“I'm assuming that you have already decided on the wedding dress?” Wing who realized that his companion was about to leave asked from the kitchen bar counter.

“The wedding dress has been decided for quite a while already. I think about an hour ago? We just wanted to hang around a little longer. After all, this shop got cozier with all the chrysanthemums,” Ginn replied while glancing at Jasmine who was walking to the cashier counter. He knew she could hear his compliment since his voice was clear and loud.

Hearing his answer, Wing then excused himself back into the kitchen so he could start closing up the shop. On the weekends, Kaoru's Cake House would

close at four in the evening. The other customers had long left. The clock's hands were pointing to 3.30. The sky outside was turning orange-pink and today was a Saturday as well.

"Chrysanthemums are refreshing flowers. However, not everybody thinks of them as more than flowers used to make drinks," Jasmine commented once she reached the cashier counter, staring deeply into Ginn's eyes without blinking.

Elle could clearly tell what the un-breaking stare meant. It was accompanied by smiles from both people. Behind him, Moon reached for her fiancé's hand and held it. They exchanged smiles. Elle could feel their actions as well.

Even though love made me fall, I will still continue to fall again no matter what.

"The total is RM 52.65," Denny's voice broke the silence. Although Ginn hadn't asked him yet, he had done it on purpose to break the moment with heavy concentrations of love radiating in to the air. It was a moment that he was *very* envious of.

Ginn frowned and glared at Denny. Still, it was a good thing that the interruption was coming from his friend. If not, he would've long been pinched back to reality by the same friend—or Mike—if the person behind the counter was a stranger. Ginn took out his wallet from his jeans' back pocket.

"Add her bill in with ours," Ginn said while using his thumb to point at Jasmine over his shoulder. The girl was taken aback by this and tried to decline, but Ginn merely smiled broadly. "Don't worry. After all, we're neighbors," he assured.

"Alright...but, it's my treat next time," Jasmine reluctantly agreed while Ginn nodded. Elle, on the other hand, was growing envious. 'Neighbors!?' he exclaimed bitterly in his mind.

Denny too, was growing angry. He couldn't do anything though. Jasmine looked like she was really comfortable around Ginn. From the way she smiled, her actions to her stares, it was obviously that Ginn had a place in her heart.

"The new total is RM 70.00. I gave you a 10% discount," Denny spoke up again with a rude tone and a bright smile this time.

Ginn raised his eyebrows at his friend's attitude. "Oh? There's a discount?" he

questioned playfully but handed a pair of RM 50 notes to Denny. Denny didn't say anything in reply. He took the money and handed back the change in a few seconds.

"Well, we'll be leaving first, Ginn. Don't forget tonight is dinner night at mom's house, ok?" Mike told Ginn before facing Elle and adding, "Elle, please do join us tonight? Mom always asks about you. She keeps saying that it's been long since you've visited her although she understands that you've been very busy."

"I'm afraid I can't. I have a dinner with a client tonight. Tell your mom that I'll call later," Elle could only smile while replying.

Mike nodded his head in agreement before leaving Kaoru's Cake House with his fiancée, leaving Gin standing in between of the front door and the cashier counter with Elle and Jasmine. Ginn turned to face Elle.

"A client you say? Or you're an ex-girlfriend? As far as I know, there's no work lined up this weekend," he teased with a sly smile.

Elle was trapped. He felt even more so when the other person hearing this was Jasmine, the girl he hoped to have a bond of friendship with. Was Ginn doing this on purpose?

'No, Ginn wouldn't,' Elle thought. His business partner doesn't know that he was attracted to Jasmine. Still, maybe it isn't too late for a save.

"Well...it's nothing serious, just a casual meeting with Datin Sharifah's child—the one that I designed clothes for one of their functions previously," Elle answered calmly.

"The daughter or the son?" Ginn questioned with the teasing tone still present. Jasmine glanced at Ginn suspiciously and Elle couldn't help but felt upset at that moment. He was embarrassed to be asked like that in front of Jasmine who was beginning to smile an understanding smile. Maybe she was thinking about something way off topic already.

"The daughter, of course," Elle replied a little sternly.

"A casual meeting with Julie, eh? Be careful or you'll be wrapped around her fingers," Ginn patted his friend's shoulder, causing Elle to smile in process.

“I will, I will! Well, I’m leaving now. If there’s anything, call me. Don’t forget the appointment we have with Fuse-Fashion magazine next Monday! We need to arrange an appropriate date for the photo shooting,” Elle reminded. The other male nodded his head back in reply.

Before Elle began to leave, he gave Jasmine a smile and excused himself. The girl replied with a smile of her own. She held out her hand and they shared a handshake. Seeing that, Ginn grew a little jealous. Jasmine was shaking hands with Elle but not him? He faced Jasmine immediately after Elle left the place. Jasmine faced him as well with her lips curved up into a sweeter smile.

“So...who are you leaving with?” Ginn plucked one of the random questions that appeared in his mind and asked.

“With that love-struck friend of mine,” Jasmine answered while gesturing to Liyana who was comfortably conversing with Izz at the front lawn of Kaoru’s Cake House near the large old tree.

Ginn nodded his head. He stuffed his hands into his jeans’ front pockets and stood there for a moment while Jasmine waited for him to say something else. He looked like he wanted to. Could it be about yesterday?

“Well, I should go now. See you next time?” Ginn’s awkwardly said sentences were replied with a nod from Jasmine. She felt a little disappointed. It was as if the guy didn’t know how to arrange the next step, or were the feelings she experienced yesterday just side effects of the drama? Jasmine didn’t want to think about it anymore. *‘See you next time’* was a boring utterance.

“Yeah,” Jasmine briefly replied. She watched Ginn as he exited Kaoru’s Cake House.

When Ginn looked over his shoulder and found that Jasmine was watching him from inside the shop. He waved his hand. The girl returned his wave and Ginn felt all fluttery inside. The situation was like a wife telling goodbye to her husband as he was leaving for war. Ginn didn’t even realize that he walked past Liyana and Izz, both still conversing about their feelings.

Trying to forget the one you love is like trying to remember someone you have never meet before...

Tags: [143 kaoru's cake house](#), [143 Karou's Cake House](#), [book](#), [cafe](#), [life](#), [light novel](#), [love](#), [love triangle](#), [romance](#), [story](#), [translated](#), [translation](#)

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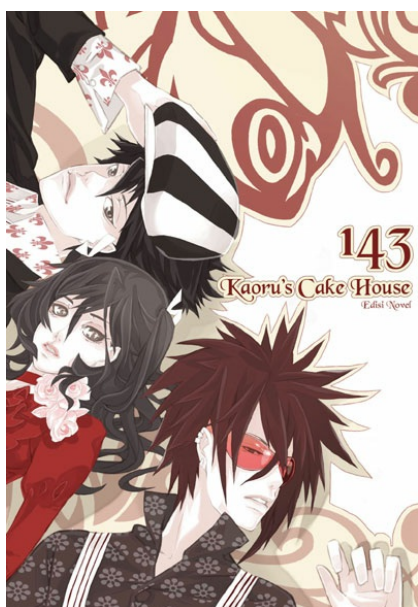
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[Hello! →](#)

Chapter 13

143 Kaoru's Cake House – Chapter Thirteen

28 Nov



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii 【ゆきい】

Chapter Thirteen : The Awaiting Aroma

It is a pleasure to be with the one you love, but it is also heart-wrenching to accept that the one you love cannot be yours.

That was what Liyana said after her meeting with Izz four days ago.

Yesterday, Jasmine stopped by Kaoru's Cake House to send a new bunch of chrysanthemum bouquets. She gave Izz a few glances but the black-haired waiter did not give any reactions she was expecting. He smiled wider and talked with her as if his meeting with Liyana that day had a happy result. Jasmine hadn't even seen a trace of happiness from Liyana's expression after her best friend's meeting with Izz that day.

Today, Siti was helping Jasmine's mother at Maria's Bouquet. Suki, her mother's helper, was there as well. Their presences were a relief as the burdens of work for both Jasmine and her mother were lightened.

Currently, the sun was high in the sky. It was already noon. Maria busied herself at the back of the shop by arranging the fresh flowers while Suki attended to the customers. Meanwhile, Jasmine sat alone at the living room area located at the right corner of the shop near the entrance. She was taking a short break after the tiring job of arranging the vases in front of the shop. The rubber gloves that she wore had been removed and carelessly placed on the table while the plastic apron she had on was quickly removed as well. Jasmine wiped the sweat on her forehead away with the small towel draped over her shoulder.

"Will you be having lunch here, Jasmine?" Suki asked after suddenly appearing in front of the girl's eyes.

"Of course I'll be having lunch here! Don't tell me that I should be having it at Kaoru's Cake House," Jasmine answered with playful glare.

"How would I know? According to the rumors, your desire is there?" Suki teased while taking a seat on the chair facing Jasmine. Jasmine glared again but with a sweet smile this time. It was definitely her mother who whispered about her going back and forth there.

"My desire there is to eat for free!" Jasmine exclaimed. The two girls broke into a fit of giggles but their fun had to be paused when another customer entered...

Ting Tong!

Immediately, Jasmine's expression brightened up seemingly ten times more. After all the customer that just entered was the man she harbored a crush on. The young man strode into the shop and smiled when he saw Jasmine who was sitting there and gazing at him. She looked more disheveled compared to the other days. Her clothes were slightly wrinkled, her hair was a little messy and the sheen of sweat on her forehead could be seen although the shop was air-conditioned.

Suki watched the young man with full interest. Who wouldn't when he was very handsome and extremely stylish at the same time? He was wearing a Tommy Hilfiger Navy Pinstripe 2B suit with a collared, button-up striped blue

shirt matched with a Black Striped Cotton Kit tie and a Logo Khaki Web belt which was also by Tommy Hilfiger. On his feet was a pair of black shoes which Suki recognized as 'Be Cool' Kenneth Cole.

"Ginn!" Jasmine quickly stood up and greeted the young man. Suki followed in suit but excused herself to the back of the shop instead. In her mind, she was wondering about the handsome, young man. Was he Jasmine's boyfriend?

"What are you doing here?" Jasmine asked Ginn after Suki left them.

"No real reason. I was passing by when I remembered that I wanted to find you. Want to go for lunch with me?" he replied, stunning Jasmine for a moment. Her mind was registering the moment. Ginn was asking her out! Her dream was becoming a reality! Still, she didn't immediately jump at the offer.

"Mmm...I have to ask my mother first," she answered calmly although her heart was really beating a hundred beats a second.

"Ok," Ginn answered casually even though he was actually worried about his offer getting rejected.

Jasmine headed to the back of the shop to search for her mother but before she could even pass the cashier counter, Maria emerged with a cheerful expression—one that Jasmine understood very well.

'Suki must have told mom something!' she thought.

"Hello, sweetie! Where is he?!" Maria questioned.

"Huh?" Jasmine tilted her head to one side. She knew who her mother was implying but she felt no need to answer her. She was a little irritated at her mother's eagerness.

Before Jasmine could receive a reply from her, her mother saw the young man standing near the entrance of the shop and hurried towards him.

"Ginn! I'm glad to see you here in my shop," Maria exclaimed cheerfully. Ginn on the other hand, barely had time to be surprised by the presence of the mother of his neighbor. She was the woman he met months ago before meeting her daughter.

"I just was passing by. I wanted to ask if you and your daughter would like to

have lunch together with me,” Ginn’s answered puzzled Jasmine. Didn’t he want to go out for lunch with her only?

Suki announced her presence by lightly pinching Jasmine on her shoulder. The girl turned around to see her mother’s helper wearing an expression of raised eyebrows in a suggestive manner. Jasmine’s eyes narrowed into a glare—a warning to Suki to mind her own business, but Suki shrugged it off and pinched Jasmine’s cheek instead.

“Oh? Well I’m afraid I can’t, Ginn. I have a lot of work that needs to be done here. I’ll just have lunch with Suki. Ginn, you should go out and have lunch with Jasmine only instead,” Maria said in a tone of disappointment to which Ginn replied with a nod. His left arm was the patted by Maria as if he was her son. The scene touched Jasmine, but Ginn’s earlier reply to her mother was nagging at her in her mind. He wanted to invite her out for lunch—only her, and yet after her mother appeared, he changed his invitation.

‘What a sycophants!’ Jasmine exclaimed mentally.

“Jasmine!” Maria’s voice brought the girl back to reality. She was about to approach her mother when a quiet ‘Ahem!’ from Suki’s direction made her freeze for a moment. She sent one last glare to her mother’s helper which earned a small giggle in return. Jasmine resumed heading towards her mother’s side.

“Yes mom?”

“Accompany Ginn for lunch, will you? I can’t go along and leave Suki here all alone,” Maria said. Jasmine’s nod in reply was watched in relief by Ginn, although he noted the hints of dismay on her expression.

“Thanks a lot, Ginn. It’s sweet of you to come by and take proper care of my daughter, alright?” Maria told Ginn who happily nodded back. The situation was like the one where the mother was giving her child’s lover her full consent. Jasmine who was getting embarrassed by each passing second, wanted to leave badly. Perhaps this was interesting to her mother and Suki because she harbored feelings for the young man. Still, there was no denial that she wanted to question Ginn’s honesty too.

Ginn opened the shop’s door and allowed Jasmine to exit first. Maria and Suki

watched them leave while waving. There were gleeful to see those two together.

“I knew that they would be good friends,” Maria stated once Ginn and Jasmine disappeared from their view.

“They look perfect for each other,” Suki added chirpily. Maria replied with a smile before heading back to work. There were too many things that needed her attention like arranging the fresh flowers at the back of the shop.

Ting Tong!

It was time for Suki to continue her work of attending to the customers as well.

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Chapter 14

143 Kaoru's Cake House – Chapter Fourteen

25 Dec

Yukii【ゆきい】: Here's the promised Christmas update everyone! Merry Christmas!!! <3



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii【ゆきい】

Chapter Fourteen : Everyone's Different But Love Remains The Same

The famous twin towers of Suria KLCC stands in the middle of the city where locals, non-locals and tourists bustled around, minding their own business. This meant no less for those hanging around the KLCC park—especially for the teens and young adults who were dressed in different modern fashions like goth, punk, country and alternative. There were also couples all around. The sights of them were like a free romance movie for those who sat in nearby cafes.

The things shown before our eyes and even behind our backs are only small

matters when compared to what is shown between us.

Ginn Celes however, wasn't fond of such public displays of affection. It made him uncomfortable, even more so when he was now beside a beautiful girl that he harbored a crush on.

Ginn's first choice for a place to have lunch together with Jasmine was the restaurant where he once dined with Moon on their first date. It was one of those restaurants that would make you think twice before returning with the prices on the menus.

"The food and drinks here are very pricey. Don't you think it would've been better if we had our lunch at some other normal and cheaper restaurant?" Jasmine questioned after the waiter walked away with their empty plates once both she and Ginn had finished their meals.

"It's okay to dine at an expensive restaurant now and then. There's no need for complaints," Ginn took a sip of his water. The clicking sounds of dining utensils against crockery and chatter filled the entire place.

Jasmine glared at him with her lips pursed, showing her lack of satisfaction. Ginn, on the other hand, calmly watched her before a knowing smile crept up his lips.

"You still want to protest?"

The girl let out a sharp breath and turned her attention to the view outside the restaurant. She forced her eyes on the passersby and continued to ignore Ginn who merely allowed her to do what she pleased.

"I know you want to say something, right? Something about what I told your mother while we were still at the shop," he then, casually said with his eyes trained on Jasmine.

Jasmine's head whipped back to the man that sat before her. Her expression was one of confusion and surprise.

"How did you know?" she asked.

Ginn smiled a little. He leaned back onto his chair to make himself comfortable before replying Jasmine in the same casual tone, "Before I knew who you were, I

could already read your emotions.”

Jasmine furrowed her eyebrows. It wasn't that she didn't understand his words, but she was actually shocked by them. Her heart was beating fast in her chest when the thought that Ginn truly understood her entered her mind. However, there was also slight irritation that someone she had met not long ago could already read her like an open book.

“I had to invite your mom over as well because if she agreed, it's like a bonus for me. If she didn't and allowed me to go out with you, just the both of us, it's a double bonus for me,” Ginn continued. There was a slight joking tone in his voice when he said that and his smile turned into a cheeky one. Jasmine's lips curled up as she began to smile as well. Ginn relaxed when he saw that. After all, she was the girl who stole his heart.

“Alright,” Jasmine was no longer tensed. She looked more cheerful and her stiff posture slackened. Then, the waiter who cleared their table reappeared with the desert; brownies covered with melted chocolate sauce with a scoop of vanilla ice-cream on the top. Definitely mouthwatering!

“How did you meet the guys at Kaoru's Cake House?” she questioned while taking a bite out of her slice of cake. She wanted to know more about Ginn Celes.

“I met them years ago while I was still a student in college. The first person I befriended there was Denny. He wasn't even working for Kaoru's Cake House then too. Denny's a dropout who's really selfish in every bit of his being but also very generous in a lot of ways. He's also crazy superstitious. It's funny how he's older than me because when I'm with him, I feel like we're the same age. His brain is...” Ginn trailed off to let out a laugh. “He got me addicted to Kaoru's Cake House. Wing's cake recipes aren't comparable to any other in the world too, though.”

Jasmine smiled at the sight of Ginn's cheerfulness. A guy as macho as him turning into such a cute little child was adorable. She was even amazed by him. The man whom she first believed to be overly egoistic still had a luring sense of humanity in him. However, does this only happen when he was around Jasmine?

“What made you decided to be a fashion designer?” she questioned again, wanting to keep their conversation alive.

Ginn wiped his mouth after taking the final bite from his slice of brownie. He took another sip of water from his glass before answering Jasmine.

“Good question...I became a fashion designer before of a girl I love.”

His tone was light and calm but it didn't seem that way to Jasmine. His answer was like a knife that stabbed her heart.

‘Because of a girl? He already has a lover?’ Jasmine tried to take another bite from her brownie but it her limbs felt too heavy for her to lift them up. It was like as if stones had been tied to them, weighing them down.

“A girl? Your girlfriend?” the question slipped from her lips.

“I thought she was,” Ginn smiled cynically. He had a faraway look in his eyes when he answered that.

Jasmine was puzzled. This behavior of his wasn't a part of his usual self. Such a brief answer like that always lead to long questions.

As for Ginn, he was actually trying to test Jasmine's feelings. He wanted to see how long she could hold her patience and how far she would go for someone she cared for a lot.

“Okay handsome boy, first of all, I don't like people who leave seemingly thousands of questions in their answer. Can't you be a little more straightforward?” Jasmine's request was more like a demand. She forked some of her brownie into her mouth in a quick and angry manner.

Ginn smiled in understanding. He leaned forward, laced his fingers and rested his chin on them.

“You're really adorable when you're angry. Even more so when you have some chocolate sauce at the corner of your lip,” the young man lifted his head and unlaced his fingers before reaching out and wiped away the chocolate sauce with his thumb. He then, licked it off, making Jasmine squirm in her seat with reddening cheeks.

After that, Ginn paid for their meal even though Jasmine protested against it. They exited the restaurant side by side. By then, all Jasmine thought was how they were going to part ways now. She didn't want that. She wanted to spend

more time with Ginn.

“Thank you,” she said, hoping that Ginn wanted to spend more time with her like how she did with him.

“143,” Ginn said before walking away.

The most precious gift is when we have a friend—a being who we can completely trust in—who knows our good and bad but still loves us dearly even with the bad.

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Chapter 15

143 Kaoru's Cake House – Chapter Fifteen

16 Sep



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii

Chapter Fifteen : He who Loves

Your first love is also the greatest among all the other loves. Those beautiful memories are irreplaceable...if possible, relive them.

Four days have passed since their date at Kelantan Delights; four days which Ginn Celes spent away from home. He had gone to Shanghai to see to the preparations of Berry'C's up-and-coming fashion show there. As much as Jasmine missed him, she had to admit that being to communicate worldwide with the help of technology made things easier. Every day, she would get a message telling her his experiences in Shanghai. Sometimes, she would get pictures via MMS—including a selfie of him fresh out of the shower with nothing on but a towel. Embarrassed but happy, Jasmine found herself more optimistic in life when she realized how much she was loved.

Depending on your capability to love and embrace your surroundings along with everything that comes with being loved, distance may or may not be an obstacle.

“What’s the happiest thing when you’re loved?”

That, was Jasmine’s question to Elle Cavier when the young man invited her out for lunch at Kaoru’s Cake House, and it was one that centered around the new, giddy emotions she was feeling inside her being. Though, these swirling emotions had only intensified after she noticed the chemistry after an hour’s conversation—after she agreed to be the new model of Berry’C for FUSE-FASHION magazine, news that Ginn only found out a day after he arrived in Shanghai.

“I believe that it depends on the person,” Elle answered, sipping his coffee.

“Well, for me, love doesn’t need words. It happens on its own and doesn’t need to be repeated. Understanding can clear all the problems,” Jasmine said, full of emotions and pronouncing each word clearly, impressing Elle. She looked so sincere and proven by her expression, she was in love. Does she have a boyfriend already? ...Or has Ginn already made her his?

“Why do you say so?”

Jasmine shrugged.

“I just thought that it should be existent in love, not like any of those Hindustan movies or cheap romance flicks!” she laughed and added, “Like that movie ‘LOVE’ or something. It’s *amazing* what they revealed about love!”

In reply, Elle nodded. If her being in love wasn’t obvious before, it was as clear as day now. Plus, Jasmine was enjoying herself, raising questions about that particular emotion, and once again, Elle lost in the game. The person he was after was already caged by another, though whose cage was it? Only one name popped up in Elle’s mind and it was none other than Ginn Celes.

“Hey...how about I bring you around Shah Alam in my new ride?” Elle suggested while rising from his chair and Jasmine was dazed. Had she heard right?

“That’s only if you’ve nothing else to do of course,” Elle quickly continued upon

seeing her expression.

“I’d like that, but I’m worried that you’d have your hands full entertaining me,” Jasmine followed Elle towards the cashier counter. Meanwhile, Denny who had noticed the approaching pair couldn’t help but felt slightly envious of how close they were. Noticing this, the corners of Elle’s mouth curled up. He handed a fifty ringgit note to Denny, telling him to calculate the total money they owed. He was sure that both his and Jasmine’s orders added up to no more than number. After all, he often came here.

Without telling them how much their total was, Denny handed Elle the balance and in one swift motion, Elle stuffed the cash into his wallet before slipping it into his back pants pocket. He gave Jasmine a brighter smile.

“Let’s go. There’s nothing worth to entertain but you.”

It was a dangerous sentence spoken by a male to a female—a sentence that showed that Elle was trying to beguile Jasmine and that didn’t sit well with Denny.

“Come again!” he called out to the backs of Elle and Jasmine. The both of them turned their heads, smiling back.

“It’s impossible not to!” Jasmine replied before stepping out of the building. Elle had held the door open for her but Denny didn’t care about that. The girl’s answer lifted his spirits again...until he realized something: who was he when compared to Elle? Or even Ginn? Would Jasmine even consider seeing him as someone more than a friend?

“Hoi! Daydreaming, seriously? Didn’t you notice the customers standing in front of you?” Wing suddenly popped out as though he had materialized out of thin air. Immediately, Denny snapped back into reality and found a middle-aged couple smiling before him. Embarrassed, he quickly apologized but the husband waved it off, giving a glance filled with adoration to his wife.

Sensing that his job was done, Wing returned to his real one in the kitchen. He had noticed the look the man gave to his wife and somehow, he was affected by it. The chef thought that the world of love was truly beautiful as long as one has found his or her true love.

Wing's gaze landed on Izz who was busy washing the dishes alone, unaware of—or just ignoring—the former's presence.

'Still, it's painful when you've already found the right one only to...'

At once, Wing shook away the thought. It wasn't really his business so he averted his attention to his first love instead; Kaoru's Cake House.

Absence is less of a danger to love compared to the test of staying together forever.

Once the middle-aged couple left the place, a new customer came in and the sight of the newcomer stunned Denny.

"Jenny?!" her name managed to slip from his lips. On the other hand, Bob, who had been concentrating hard on arranging the flowers on one of the corner tables, turned his head when he heard the familiar name.

"Hi!" the bobbed-hair girl waved. She quickly closed the distance between Denny and herself—only the counter kept their bodies from touching—before she asked the blonde man how he was doing.

"I'm great," Denny grinned. At once, Jasmine vanished from his thoughts that were now occupied by the girl in front of him. She had once stolen his heart but their relationship had never taken a step further from friendship. Though, her present reappearance, just a year after her last, brought a new hope to Denny. Jenny, the girl, had been in his life for a whole year after all. Every day last year, she visited Kaoru's Cake House just to see him. Once, she even told him that he brightened her days. He had a hunch that he had helped her recover from her breakup with ex-boyfriend, Roy to some degree.

"Thanks for remembering me..." Jenny's expression softened. Her eyes followed Denny as he slipped out of the cashier counter and stood beside her.

"Where did you disappear off to all this while? Gone with the wind, did you?"

Jenny could only smile. Denny was still the jokester she remembered.

"Could you not ask? I'm back for good now. I want to start afresh."

Hearing that, Denny could barely hold back his sigh of relief. The corners of his mouth turned up into another grin as his eyes gained a mischievous twinkle.

“I’m surprised how you still know how to thank people.”

“*Puh-lease*, its common courtesy.”

And, laughter erupted from the both of them. Seeing them, Bob smiled from his spot while Wing, who had just emerged from the kitchen, was surprised to see Jenny.

‘Love has never been selfish,’ Wing mused to himself after Jenny flashed him her pearly whites.

The ties of love that has been accidentally severed is an incident that fools separation itself for there is always fantasy which holds figments of reality within it.

Denny was entirely sure that Jasmine no longer held his interests. He had realized that loneliness had tricked him. It allowed Jasmine to draw a path towards his heart when he already had a person who completed it to begin with.

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Chapter 16

143 Kaoru's Cake House – Chapter Sixteen

24 Sep



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii

Proofreader: thepurplepygmy

Chapter Sixteen : Happiness without Hope

It was a pleasant ride to Shah Alam. Conversation filled the air of Elle's Satrio Neo as Jasmine gradually became more comfortable with the young man when she found out that he was also Ginn's business partner.

"Why do you drive a Satrio Neo when Ginn drives something more expensive?" Jasmine seemingly questioned out of the blue when Elle stopped before a traffic light of Section 9 near Concorde Hotel.

"Ginn's tastes are different from mine. He likes rewarding himself with expensive things, especially when celebrating success. I think it's weird, but to

each his own,” Elle shrugged and continued driving once the light turned green. “He bought that Fiat Brava after the success of his Moon-Glit collection which brought Berry’C to fame.”

“So basically Ginn brought Berry’C fame?”

Elle nodded.

“But weren’t you the one who won the fashion designer award in London?” Jasmine’s eyebrows furrowed in confusion. She recalled the words of Datin Sharifah which was also the first time she had heard of Berry’C and Elle Cavier.

“How did you know that?” Elle glanced at her, impressed.

“Elle Cavier, you’re one of Malaysia’s top designers. How can I *not* know? I’m a fashion lover too!”

A grin tugged at the corner of Elle’s lips when he heard Jasmine’s exclamation, though he said nothing in reply. Instead he turned right, towards Bukit Cerakah, keen to enjoy the nature with Jasmine at the Botanical Park of Bukit Cahaya, Seri Alam. It was an attraction that Jasmine had wanted to visit for a long time already—ever since she was in university, but she never found a chance.

“We started Berry’C about four years ago, after my sister, Berry, got married,” Elle said while getting out of his car. Jasmine was already standing on the pavement, waiting.

“That means that the boutique is named after your sister?”

Elle nodded in reply again.

“She must be really special then,” Jasmine smiled.

“She’s my only sister. She inspires and aspires me to become a great designer, just like how Moon does for Ginn.”

Jasmine froze in an instant. Moon? Who’s that? It was a completely foreign name to her and it was one that brought a sinking feeling into Jasmine’s stomach. Elle faced her, confused until he recalled his earlier words and let out a regretful sigh.

“You want to ask about Moon, right?” Elle voiced out his suspicions, keeping an eye on Jasmine’s reactions.

However, the girl showed her pearly whites and tugged his sleeve instead.

“Come on! We can talk about that inside, I want to go in and see everything first!”

Elle obeyed, but he also knew that Jasmine was masking her dismay.

“Don’t read too much into what I said.”

The smile remained while she continued to steer the young man towards the ticket counter as though she no longer cared for the matter, adding to Elle’s confusion. He knew that her disappointment was grounded but still, she chose to hide it. Elle hoped that by spending the day with her, it would make her forget the feelings she was trying to conceal. He didn’t know whether she was doing the right thing or not, but he knew that the more time he spent with her, the more he felt a connection between them.

When it comes to true love, we will need the goodness of our significant other whereas in romantic love, we will need our significant other’s entire being.

Almost an hour had passed since Elle and Jasmine went around the botanical garden on their rented bikes, taking in the breathtaking views. Jasmine was already tuckered out, as was her companion for the day. How could they not? The both of them had cycled up and down hills, chased each other, and basically had the time of their lives before coming to a halt at a resting stop near Sungai Baru’s dam.

Jasmine breathed in deeply while fanning herself with her hands, waiting for a breeze to pass by so their hot and sweaty bodies could cool down. Elle leaned against one of the pillars, gazing at the greens. He didn’t notice Jasmine studying him until moments later.

“Yes?”

“Nothing, you’re gorgeous even when you look miserable,” Jasmine answered nonchalantly. It was true because whenever she saw the man, he would be dressed fashionably even when he’s being ‘casual’. Though, presently, Elle’s hair fell over his eyes, style-less. His shirt was soaked with sweat and his face was red from the weather. Still, Jasmine could detect faint traces of Elle’s cologne.

“Hmm, did you fall for me?” Elle teased, earning a sharp glare from Jasmine.

“Pffft. As if! Don’t get cocky!”

As Elle snickered and Jasmine smiled, both of them didn’t realize that they had gotten closer to each other. A comfortable silence fell on them afterwards, though not for long.

“You don’t have a girlfriend yet?” Jasmine questioned.

Elle didn’t answer immediately. His gaze remained on the view beyond the dam, fixed on the sky. It was as if he was deep in thought, finding a suitable reply.

“I had given all of my attention to my sister. She’s my only love in Malaysia since the other members of our family were elsewhere.”

Hearing this, Jasmine couldn’t help but felt touched in a sense. He was definitely a loving and devoted brother.

“Where is she now?”

“Who?”

“Your sister, obviously.”

“Now, she’s with a fine young man who adores her just as much. He’s also a man that I trust deeply...because he passed all of my obstacle tests,” Elle laughed.

“Berry’s lucky to have a brother like you,” Jasmine grinned.

“You don’t have one?”

“Only child,” she answered simply.

“No wonder you’re so spoiled,” Elle began to tease again.

“Excuse me?!”

Elle was about to run away when Jasmine’s face appeared in front of him with her hands on her hips. He then, pleaded for her to have mercy and to not be angry...only to receive giggles in return. Stunned, Elle could only watch Jasmine as she reclaimed her spot beside him.

“What’s wrong with you?” he muttered unhappily, only to have discomfort added upon him when Jasmine’s gaze locked with his. Her stare made his heart beat faster.

“You’re too serious,” she said flatly. “I was only joking and you got scared. If I bring you along to a horror movie, I bet that you’ll piss your pants.”

“Excuse *me*?!” Elle immediately stood up and mimicked Jasmine’s earlier actions while trying to contain his laughter. She was such a cheeky person!

Jasmine playfully punched Elle when she realized that he was trying to mock her. The both of them fell into a fit of laughter, so immersed in their own world to the point that they didn’t notice the other visitors of the park passing them by.

Every second spent with the one you love is a happy moment that should always be cherished, compared to a lifetime spent normally and in boredom.

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Chapter 17

143 Kaoru's Cake House – Chapter Seventeen

6 Oct



143 Kaoru's Cake House Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii

Proofreader: thepurplepygmy

Chapter Seventeen : If This is Love

Elle could hardly believe that four hours had gone by so quickly during their stay at the Botanical Park of Bukit Cahaya on their way back. Every second they had spent together there was so fun and exhilarating that Elle couldn't help but realize that Jasmine's existence brightened up his life—much like his sister Berry.

“You're really good at conversing with people, huh? I've never had so much fun spending time with a girl like this before,” Elle complimented.

Jasmine smiled demurely. “Actually, I don't talk much, especially with guys. Sure, if it were just friendly greetings and all, I'd have no problems, but I don't usually go out of my way to converse with people. So it was surprising to me as well as to why I was willing to accompany you to that garden. Thankfully, there weren't too many people there—some horndog could've just popped out from

nowhere!”

Elle pursed his lips. That horndog comment was definitely meant for him him.

“ ‘Some horndog’, huh? A cat in heat shouldn’t be saying something like that.”

“Excuse me?!” Jasmine narrowed her eyes as she playfully pinched Elle’s left arm.

“Hey, hey! Don’t do that! I’m driving here!” Elle protested, trying to avoid the girl’s poised fingers.

Jasmine complied, laughing quietly under her breath. Through the corners of his eyes, Elle watched as she turned to the window, observing as the ever-changing scenery passing them by. A pleasant silence filled the air between the duo, and the corners of Elle’s lips curled up ever so slightly.

‘If only we can be together always...’ he thought wistfully.

A soft melody akin to a music box suddenly filled the air and Jasmine hurriedly opened her purse, fishing out her hand phone. Looking at the screen, she smiled before averting her gaze to Elle.

“Ginn sent an MMS again.”

Elle could do nothing but to try and maintain his smile under Jasmine’s innocent gaze.

“It’s a picture of the fashion show!” Jasmine showed her phone’s screen to Elle excitedly. Ginn was standing there in all his glory with a *peace* sign and his tongue stuck out, while a model on the catwalk could be seen in the background—probably doing a practice run before the real event later on in the evening.

Pride swelled within Elle, even though his mind reminded him that Jasmine was only by his side momentarily. His business partner would be back tomorrow the next afternoon.

“They do not love that do not show their love. The course of true love never did run smooth. Love is a familiar. Love is a devil. There is no evil angel but Love” – William Shakespeare, “Two Gentlemen from Verona,” “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” and “Love’s Labour’s Lost.”

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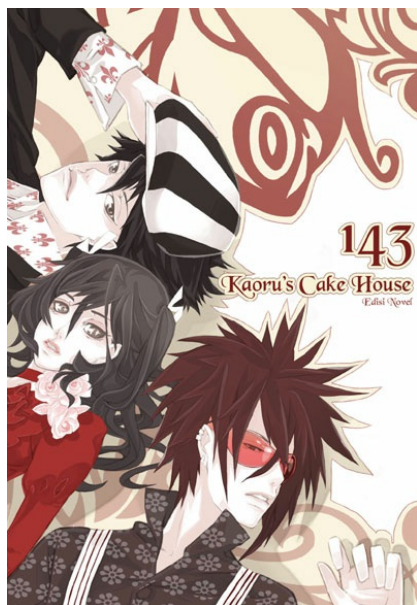
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Chapter 18

143 Kaoru's Cake House – Chapter Eighteen

22 Oct



143 Kaoru's Cake House

Author: Fakhrul Anour

Illustrator: Kaoru

Translator: Yukii

Proofreader: thepurplepygmy

Chapter Eighteen : Kaoru's Cake House, V

Live together and work together – not only for the sake of each other, but for one's own sake as well.

Jasmine was highly anticipating Ginn's return – so much so that she was barely able to focus as his return date neared. Her attention wasn't on the breakfast with her mother and Suki, the new information given by Elle that her FUSE-FASHION photo shoot would commence in only five days, and on the small shopping trip the other two did at Sunway Pyramid. She was only focused on the fact that she and Ginn would finally be able to spend time together. Jasmine gathered her thoughts and collected herself as she stepped into Kaoru's Cake House. Inside were the friends she made there... and Ginn.

However, Jasmine found herself struggling to find words to speak to the young man she had long awaited to return from his overseas trip, and instead focused her attention on Denny, who looked more cheerful than ever before.

“What’s gotten into you?” she smiled back at the blonde.

“Nothing, nothing~ I’m my normal self!”

Ginn pinched Denny’s cheek at his remark. He knew that his friend was keeping a secret.

Jasmine turned her attention to Izz and studied the man. His expression betrayed him of no emotions. Even after reuniting with Liyana, he retained his usual calm demeanor. Catching sight of Jasmine’s gaze, Izz smiled and nodded politely at her direction. The girl returned his smile, and although she anxiously wanted to prod him about his relationship with her best friend, she refrained. As neither parties broached the topic first, Jasmine didn’t want to come off as a busybody. Not to mention, she had been too immersed in things in her own life... particularly in a little subject called “love.”

Jasmine glanced at Ginn who caught her look and smiled. This game of smiling continued to the point where the others noticed that they were clearly in love. Denny could only shake his head, smiling at the two lovebirds, as he was the only one in the shop who knew more about their situation than anybody else.

Love is an emotion that forgives, accompanied by habitual soft gazes.

After giving his order, Ginn took a seat near the far right corner of the shop. Located close to the hidden balcony of the cake house and secluded from the other tables, the seat was a strategic spot for those who wanted to spend some private time with one’s significant other. Meanwhile, Jasmine was still studying the cakes on display with full concentration.

“Hey, Jasmine... I want to ask you something.”

She turned towards the voice, but saw only Denny who was looking down at the cash register. She could have sworn that it was he who spoke to her, but he only replied with silence at her stand to attention. As the girl was about to turn back to the cakes, Denny’s gaze flitted at her.

“Did Ginn say anything special to you?”

Confused, Jasmine shook her head.

“Nothing?”

Again, she shook her head. She averted her gaze to Ginn who appeared like he was in a reverie, staring at the view outside the window. Denny hissed at her actions, in fear that Ginn would notice her staring. Jasmine’s gaze snapped back to the blonde.

“Has he professed his love to you?”

With cheeks burning red and a demure smile, Jasmine shook her head a third time causing Denny’s lips to form a thin line.

“And Elle?”

Jasmine’s eyes widened. The main question in her mind was why Denny mentioned Elle’s name at all but even so, the memory of her and Elle enjoying themselves at the botanical garden replayed itself. She felt a small tug at her heart; she missed his presence.

“What about him?” she asked Denny, but Bob cut him off before the blonde could muster a reply.

“He liked you before and now he’s a busybody since the apple of his eye came back already~”

Denny had Bob in an immediate headlock, but unfortunately for the short-haired blonde, the other blonde that was residing in the kitchen of Kaoru’s Cake House suddenly emerged.

“Hey! Are you fooling around or working?!” Wing’s stern eyes narrowed further at the duo while a menacing aura appeared. Denny released Bob as though he had been scorched by fire and the two of them resumed their earlier work.

“Hello, Jasmine,” Wing smiled comfortingly as though the menacing aura from earlier was never there at all. “Where’s Ginn?”

“He’s over there...” Jasmine gestured to the corner where Ginn sat. This time, the young man cast his gaze towards the cashier counter and found Denny waving at him. He thought it was weird but dismissed it as part of Denny’s

quirky, comical attitude. Ginn shook his head while Wing made his way towards the young fashion designer, leaving Denny alone with Jasmine once more. However, a new presence suddenly appeared in the Cake House.

“Hello dear~ I’ve missed you so much, 143!”

Jasmine’s head snapped to the entrance and found herself staring at a petite girl sporting a black bob skipping towards the cashier counter. Her features were akin to a child’s with her wide doe-eyes, button nose and small lips. Not to mention her skin too had a dewy, flawless look to it. Puzzled, the girl returned Jasmine’s stare.

“Hello, and 143 to you too, darling,” Denny replied, causing Jasmine to revert her stare back at the blonde. Denny grinned shyly.

“This is Jenny. Darling, this is Jasmine: one of Kaoru’s Cake House’s best customers,” he introduced.

“Hi, nice to meet you,” Jasmine smiled at the petite girl, who now had a name to her face.

“Hey,” Jenny beamed.

“Well, I’m going to head over there now. You guys have fun conversing. Let’s talk some time when we’re free,” Jasmine directed the last line to Jenny and then headed towards Ginn who was still in a conversation with Wing. Though, she wasn’t as much focused on guessing what their topic of conversation was, as to finding the meaning to the three numerals. Just what on *earth* did ‘143’ mean?! Ginn once spoke them to her the first time they dined together at Kelantan Delights. Today, she heard them again but spoken to each other by Denny and Jenny.

‘...Is it a secret code between lovers? Or is it something else?’

Jasmine soon grew frustrated and forced the thoughts back. Calming herself down, she decided that she would eventually learn the meaning of what the three numbers meant when the time was right. Whether by fate or coincidence, a familiar notification tone played, indicating that Jasmine had received a new text. Pulling out the phone from her back pocket, she saw that it was from Elle with the content being a simple ‘143’. The earlier thoughts resurfaced and the

guessing game restarted in her mind.

‘My condo’s number is E-14-3 but that can’t be what it means since I’m pretty sure that Elle, Denny and Jenny don’t know where I live...’

Little did Jasmine know, her frustrations would not be ending anytime soon.

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